SPECIMEN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. LVII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1878. $2.00 a Year in Advance, With Double Premium. No. 29.

THE FLOWERS' CHOICE.

I heard the flowers a-day
Confess in turn the fate which they
Would deem most blessed
The timid Violet whispered: "I
Would choose to live—I dare not die!
Let me be pressed!"

The Moss rose raised its dainty head,
And blushing: "Ah! what bliss," it said,
"For aye to rest
On some fair maiden's warm soft,
And with her loving fingers, oft
To be caressed!"

The gaudy Peony declared,
As arrogant as vain it stared;
"To be admired
Is all I ask! And 'tis my due;
My loveliness leaves nothing new
To be desired!"

The modest Daisy said: "I know,
Alas! I am not fit to grow
Mid such as ye!
Yet God hath given to each a place
To occupy a little space;
Enough mean be.

Content with my estate, I pray,
Where He hath placed me, there to stay
Till life be done;
Enjoying warmth, enjoying light,
Until my everlasting night
Obscure the sun."

And last the Lily, fair and infid,
Spoke, signing: "When a little child
Is snatched by Death,
I'd love to nestle pure and bright
Within its hands so cold and white;
Or, in a wreath

I'd twine me o'er the coffin's lid,
Till from the mother's sight I was hid.
And I would make
The hideousness of Death appear
Less fearly hideous—almost fair,
For her sweet sake."

The Lily spoke; and for a space
The dewy tears were sized apace
And sorrowful,
Who heard her gentle words, that she,
So full of love and sympathy,
And chiefest best!

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WORM I' THE BUD.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.—*Shakespeare.*

"Your aunt, I hope, is well, Mr. Burgoyne?"

"As well as usual—better than usual, I think. Her health is very precarious, let you know the old woman a proverb about a creaking door."

The speakers were Bracy Burgoyne and Lady Euphemia Breakspeare, who had met once more at the country house of Lady Royston, with whom Mr. Burgoyne was a supreme favorite.

Lady Euphemia's heart throbbed wildly as she spoke to Bracy, in those few, commonplace words, and she could hardly bear to lift her eyes and meet the glances of those she loved so madly.

She was angry with herself for her madness, as she called it, but it was beyond her control, and truth to tell, Lady Royston was beginning to suspect her secret. The girl's nature was lovable and winning, there was none of the *hauteur* of high rank about her, and she could not quite hide her feelings under the cold, icy mask of conventionality. It was very sweet, and very bitter, too, to stand thus *tête-à-tête* with the man she loved, if only for a few minutes. Perhaps he might be growing to love her, that thus he sought her society. Who could tell?

Her next words startled him not a little.

"You told me that the pretty creature at Ferndale was not a widow, Mr. Burgoyne."

"Mrs. Longmore?"

"Yes."

"She is not. To the best of my belief her husband is alive."

"Ah! Why does he not go there and take care of her?"

"Circumstances will not permit it. He is much attached. Do you think Mrs. Longmore requires the supervision that you ask? The lady is only my tenant, you know; I am not supposed to know any thing about her."

"I fancy she's fallen in love with my brother, that is all."

Bracy Burgoyne's face was turned away from the speaker, and his voice was very husky when he spoke again.

"Is the duke at Castletowers?" he asked, without looking round.

"Oh dear, no. He's in Norway, with a fishing and yachting party. He has not been in Staffordshire since he spirited me away so suddenly, and he doesn't intend going back this year at all.

"Then, what makes your ladyship think that——"

"That your pretty tenant is falling in love with him? Oh, only what Caterham says. Mrs. Caterham is our housekeeper there, and a dear old soul she is. She writes to me about everything she goes on there. You know, perhaps, that Lionel saw this Mrs. Longmore once in the woods?"

"Yes, I was at Ferndale at the time."

"Well, he was very much struck by her appearance, I suppose, and he made her free of the place while we ran away, and Caterham says she just raves about him."

"And the duke?"

"Yes, they rave together, I expect, for the whole world holds nothing like Lionel in Caterham's eyes. She says that Mrs. Longmore talks and questions her about Lionel continually, and I think she's rather thankful he is away, though she need have no fear."

"In his grace not susceptible, then, to female beauty?"

"Oh, it isn't that. How pale you are, Mr. Burgoyne! Are you ill?"

"No, thank you, I was not aware I was pale! Why do you think your brother is safe?"

"Because he has no heart to give away. He is in love himself."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. You would never guess with whom."

"I should never presume to try, Lady Euphemia. I suppose some lady of title, his equal."

"Oh, no!" and she laughed merrily as she spoke. "Nothing half so proper or conventional. My proud brother—and Lionel is very proud in his way, though he doesn't seem so—has lost his heart to a street singer."

"A strange choice for a duke."

"Yes, isn't it? A regular case of King Cophetua and the beggar maid.

In robe and crown a king stepped down
To meet and greet her on her way,

and all that sort of thing, you know, only I believe in this case the king picked her up out of the gutter. It's a terribly serious matter, I assure you.

Cophetua swore a royal oath,
This beggar maid shall be my queen.

Only poor Lionel is not so fortunate as that celebrated monarch. He can't find the lady. He is searching for her everywhere, and when she is found her rags are to be changed, like Cinderella's, and she is to be mistress of Castletowers, Heighe! I don't like the prospects at all."

Bracy Burgoyne listened with the dead white of his face never changing, and his lips set firm. He foresaw evil. Hilda loved him—she had sworn it a thousand times, and the duke was an honorable gentleman; but he feared he knew not what, and was sore tempted to avow his marriage at once, and live as best he might on the means he had. He answered Lady Euphemia lightly and carelessly, and made Lady Royston's entrance an excuse for leaving the room.

It was a pretty parlor they were in, with windows opening to the ground on to a pretty garden, and a tiny boudoir, hardly more than a recess, but that it had a fine bow window in it, adjoined it on the other side. Between the two rooms there was no division save a curtain, and another door opened into the hall.

"There goes the man I should like you to marry, Phemie," said Lady Royston, as Bracy Burgoyne passed through the window, and disappeared round the corner.

"Me?"

"Yes, you, child. He's an upright, noble gentleman, and sometimes I have thought he fancied you."

"I do not believe he does," said Lady Euphemia, with a wildly beating heart. "He has never——"

"Never said so—of course not. Bless me, child, I know he's a detriment, as well as my snubbings can tell him. Still, I say he's the very man for you, your tastes would accord. He's a gentleman every inch of him, and you have money enough for both."

"Mr. Burgoyne isn't the man to live upon his wife," Lady Euphemia said, eagerly.

"No, of course he isn't, and if such a thing could be talked of as marrying, I don't suppose the old woman at Nice, who seems such a dragon, would disinherit him. A duke's daughter, with ten thousand a year in her own right, isn't to be picked up every day. I think you like Bracy Burgoyne a little bit, don't you, Phemie?"

"I wish I had no money! I wish I was a poor governess—a tailliner girl," was the passionate reply. "Money seems to stand in the way of all the happiness in this world."

"Hoity! toity!" exclaimed Lady Royston, laughing, "that's a novel idea. Most people think otherwise. Look at me, Lady Euphemia Breakspeare. I think I see daylight. Do you despise money because it stands between you and Bracy Burgoyne child?"

"I do."

"H'm! I thought so. You love him then? I'm glad to hear it."

"Glad! When the very thought of it fills me with shame. Glad that I love almost to madness him, who, I believe, never thought nor care for me—to whom I am no more than the trees growing out yonder in the garden. Glad! I loathe myself when I think of it."

"My dear child, are you going crazy that you talk like that?"

"I think I am."

"You must be. There's no shame in your loving Bracy Burgoyne. He is not your equal in wealth, maybe, but he is a gentleman by birth and education, and a match for any one in the land in that respect. If such a thing came about as your marrying him, of course something would be found for him at once. I declare it would be the very pleasantest thing that could happen. And it will—it shall! If you love him you shall marry him, Phemie."

"Oh, don't talk like that, Lady Royston—pray don't!" said Lady Euphemia, blushing crimson all over her face and neck. "It can never be."

"It can, if you love him."

"If!" said Lady Euphemia, passionately. "If I love him! I love him better than my own soul—better than anything in this world or the next. I must be going mad, I think. My heart is breaking with this mad love, and I cannot crush it out. I would give ten years of my life to be Bracy Burgoyne's wife for an hour. I would be content to die if I could once hear him say, 'Euphemia Breakspeare, I love you.'"

She burst into such passionate weeping that Lady Royston was almost frightened. She had looked upon her *protégé* hitherto as a quiet, placid sort of girl, with no very vehement passions of any sort, and she was utterly astonished at the volcano which had been hidden under the quiet exterior.

And Bracy Burgoyne, standing transfixed in the little boudoir, had heard all this! He had gone in for a look without the slightest idea what the ladies were talking about. His own name made him pause, and sheer amazement did the rest. He stood, feeling as though he were stricken powerless, and heard the girl's confession of love for him.

Lady Royston saw him and made matters worse. She thought to bring matters to a crisis, and she stole noiselessly to where he stood, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Speak to her," she said, pointing to the bowed figure on the sofa. "You have heard—have you nothing to say to her in your turn?"

For one moment, he hesitated, and then, turning a very white set face to the lady, he said:

"Yes, Lady Royston, I have. Will you leave me to say it?"

She thought his manner odd for a lover, and his face very pale and stern, but she liked the idea of "all coming right," as she phrased it, and she stole silently away.

As she closed the door, Lady Euphemia looked up, to see Bracy Burgoyne standing by her, with a look of pain upon his face such as she had never seen before. She started up with a faint scream, and then the consciousness that he must have heard her passionate avowal made her sink back, faint and breathless, almost fainting, on the sofa.

"Go!" she gasped. "If you are a man, leave me."

"In a moment I will," he said, gravely. "I cannot go without telling you how grieved I am that I should have heard—by chance, believe me—what fell from your lips just now. Will you try and credit me when I assure you that your secret shall be mine also? No word of what I have so accidentally heard shall ever pass my lips to any one while I live."

He paused a moment, and then went on again.

"Lady Euphemia done me great honor, Lady Euphemia—the greatest that a woman can do to a man.

"No, no," she murmured, her head still bowed upon her hands.

"And you must forseven it. I should have acted differently. In return, I can only confide to you a secret—the secret of my life. It will explain why I did not—that is, why your gentle loveliness seemed to pass all unnoticed by me. You are listening to me?"

"Yes."

"I must say what I have to say. If it gives you further pain I shall be very sorry, but it is best. Before I saw you I was already married."

"Married!"

Keenly pointed with pain was the word. It rang sharp and shrill as it fell from her lips. And then a sudden look of intelligence and fright came into her eyes.

"I see it all," she said, in the same shrill tone. "The woman at Ferndale—Mrs. Longmore——"

"Is my wife, Lady Euphemia. I have been obliged to tell you. Can I trust you with my secret?"

"With your life, if need be. Mr. Burgoyne—I'll keep it to the edge of the grave."

CHAPTER VIII.

BRACY BURGOYNE'S GIFT.

And I must find I should cherish that which
I will place it from my bosom though my
heart be at the root.
—*Tennyson.*

Lady Euphemia was stony calm when she gave the promise to Bracy Burgoyne. She felt as though she were suddenly turned to ice. To the edge of the grave—Aye, and beyond it, would she keep any secret of his.

"I feel as though I should die," she said presently, "of the shame of what has happened. I am in your power, Mr. Burgoyne. You will be merciful and spare me, will you not?"

"I think I hardly understand you," he replied, gently. "Spare you the knowledge that I heard you? I cannot. Lady Royston's mistake and kind ambition for me have forced me into this painful position. If you mean spare you any mention of what has passed, you need have no fear. Your name shall never pass my lips, save with the reverence due from a man to a woman who has honored him with her priceless love. I will leave you now, and you shall not be embarrassed with my presence at Royston for more than what time it will take me to pack up and get away. Good-by."

He held out his hand, and she gave him hers, he put it to his lips reverently.

"Try and look upon all this as a dream," he said, "it will soon be little more to you, I am sure."

"I wish it were one, Mr. Burgoyne. I wish you every happiness, from my heart I do."

"I believe it, and thank you."

"Will you tell me your wife's name? She is very lovely."

"She bears an old fashioned Saxon name, oddly enough, considering she is an Italian by birth."

"An Italian?"

"Yes."

"And you met her——"

"In Rome."

"Rome! What is her name?"

She seemed almost to have forgotten her own grief and humiliation in some new feeling that was springing up within her. Her eyes dilated, and she looked almost terrified.

"Her name is Hilda," he replied, wondering a little at her eagerness to know.

"Hilda! Ah, I thought so," she murmured to herself. "Mischief will come of it, and to him. What can I do?—what shall I do?"

Though her brain was in a whirl, she spoke quite calmly when she answered him.

With a woman's prescience she foresaw, as she said, mischief to come. She comprehended now her brother's haste to leave Castletowers, and his silence on the subject of Mrs. Longmore. He had found his lost love, and found her another man's wife.

"Mrs. Burgoyne's name is as pretty as herself," she said, rising. "Go now, Mr. Burgoyne, and if ever she speaks of me, say Euphemia Breakspeare sent her her best wishes."

"Say Mrs. Longmore when you speak of her again," he said smiling. "It's a secret, and must be one until I have some sort of a position."

"I shall never have occasion to speak of her," said Lady Euphemia. "Will you grant me a favor, Mr. Burgoyne?"

"Anything; ask me what you will."

"Nay, there is no need to get heroic; the request I am going to make has nothing to do with the madness you overheard just now."

"Whatever it is you shall have it."

She made her request, and he stared at her in blank amazement.

"May I ask what for?"

"I cannot tell; if I were a Scotchwoman I should think I was 'fey,' and had the gift of second sight. I can give you no reason. I am only filled with a dim presentiment of horror, and a feeling that my feeble hands, armed with the boon I crave from you, can help to avert mischief. Will you do it?—it is a little thing."

"I will. You shall hear from me this afternoon."

He raised her hand to his lips, gravely bade her good bye and went his way, and Lady Royston saw nothing more than confusing in, and opined that it was all right, and talked twaddling congratulation till Lady Euphemia felt that she must go mad.

"Don't!" she said, imploringly. "You were mistaken, Lady Royston, and I—I am the most miserable woman in all this wide earth.

She did not waste many words in telling what had happened, there were obstacles, she said—insurmountable ones—and she would rather not talk any more about it. The matter was ended altogether, and she would be glad if Lady Royston would let it rest.

Just before she went to dress for dinner a small parcel was brought to Lady Euphemia.

The servant said, "From Mr. Burgoyne, my lady," and she bade him put it down. There was no answer needed. She did not attempt to open it, and Lady Royston was almost beside herself with curiosity.

"You know what it is?" she queried.

"Yes," was the listless answer.

"May I know?"

"No, it is something of Mr. Burgoyne's which he has entrusted to me. I cannot tell you anything more."

Her manner was so calmly and quietly resolute that Lady Royston did not ask anything further, and when they went up to their dressing-rooms Lady Euphemia took the parcel with her, and never alluded to it in any way again.

Nor did she ever allude to Bracy Burgoyne, and no one, except kind-hearted Lady Royston, ever guessed at what had happened. Her cheek did not flush or pale, or her lip quiver, when his name was mentioned; but she would listen to no lovers. Plenty came a-wooing for her money—a few for her sweet self—but she sent them all away.

Bracy Burgoyne went his way among his fellow men, but it came to be remarked, as time went on, that there seemed to be a cloud upon him. His frank, winning manner was almost entirely gone, and lines of care showed themselves in his face, and threads of gray in his hair.

No one could tell what had come over him. There was only one person in the world who knew what was causing the change in him, and that was Barbara Heyburn, the grim duenna of his beautiful young wife.

She knew how Hilda's frivolity and heartlessness, her ambition and extravagance, were wearing out her husband's patience, how every time he came to Ferndale Hollow there was wrangling and bitterness, and threats from the wilful beauty for whose sake he was keeping his secret so jealously guarded, that she would disclose it and ruin him, regardless of the fact that she would ruin herself also.

Barbara alone knew what an aching heart Bracy Burgoyne carried away with him when he went away after his visits.

Hilda would talk of nothing but dress, and her vain cravings after a higher sphere than the quiet life at Ferndale. And the faithful servant knew only too well how terribly her husband was hampered in his endeavors to please her whims.

Glittering trinkets and costly dresses make a large hole in a poor man's income, and Hilda would have all these even in the retirement of Ferndale.

Barbara begged her master to put a veto on his wife's constant visits to Castletowers. She would dress herself like a little duchess, and go there and spend hours talking with Mrs. Caterham, and trying to imagine herself mistress of all the glories of the grand old house.

Mrs. Caterham and the servants were perfectly infatuated with her, Barbara declared, they fooled her to the top of her bent, and told her tales of the greatness of the Breakspeares, till her head was fairly turned.

But Bracy Burgoyne only shook his head sadly.

"Forbidding her the castle would not make much difference," he said. "I am going to do better than that."

"What?" asked Barbara gravely.

"Take her away from Ferndale altogether."

"Leave here?"

"Yes."

"Heaven be thanked."

"You don't like the Hollow? I thought you were comfortable here."

"So I am; a better house woman need not wish for. But it's a bad place for her to go to—a very bad one near there," and she indicated the castle with an angry nod.

"It is, indeed, if she only knew all," thought Bracy Burgoyne to himself, but he only replied, "As soon as I can see my way to the expenses, and it will be in a very few months, I hope I shall take her elsewhere. Will you come with us, Barbara?"

"I'll come anywhere with you, Mr. Burgoyne, but as you value your own peace, let it be soon. For the love of heaven, take your wife away from here without any delay."

"It shall be as soon as possible, Barbara, be sure of it; but I think you make too much of the danger. I have perfect faith in my wife."

"Have you?" said Barbara to herself. Aloud she only observed, "I'm glad of it, sir, but still I say—go. Mischief has come to this house from the castle before now, and may again."

Hilda, coming in from a ramble, overheard a great deal of what the two were saying. She had walked listlessly and wearily enough till she knew that the next turning would bring her in sight of Ferndale, and then she pushed back her hat and rumpled her hair, and filled her little apron with wild flowers, and went in a very picture of beauty and innocence, with a song upon her lips, and an innocent light sparkling in her eyes.

"So I am to be sent away, am I?" she said to herself, as she overheard the words. "Taken away from Ferndale. We shall see. I don't intend to leave this place till I have seen the duke again," and she kept her word.

Bracy Burgoyne did not forbid his wife going to the castle—perhaps he felt that it would be no use if he did. The duke and Lady Euphemia were both away, and likely to remain so. On the slightest hint of their return, he should certainly take his wife away from the Hollow at once.

He could not spend his Christmas with her. His aunt had him bound to her for all the festive seasons of the year, so he had to content himself with sending Hilda a box of the pretty things in which her soul delighted—a handsome dress and some gift-turning jewelry, which Hilda put on, and sallied forth to spend the day with Mrs. Caterham.

Barbara objected very much to this conduct, declaring that she ought not to descend to the housekeeper's level by visiting her as familia ly.

"Then my husband should find proper society for me," was the curt reply. "I am expected to descend to your level, and Mrs. Caterham is at least a lady."

"Which I am not. I am perfectly aware of the fact, but I may be safer company for all that."

"What do you mean?"

"I hear the Duke of Castletowers to talk about. Take care what you are doing, Mrs. Burgoyne. His grace may be an honorable man—I don't wish to doubt it—but honorable men don't turn out of their way to avoid women who openly put themselves in their path."

"I do believe you are crazy," exclaimed Hilda. "How can I throw myself in the man's way when he don't there? I'm not to put up with your insolence. You needn't stay up for me, Mrs. Caterham will see me sent home safely."

And I'm a fool to stay with her," Barbara said to herself as she watched her walk away, all radiant with satin and furs. "But that it is to save my master from sorrow, if I can, I would go as it is. She has no friends to come to her if she gets ill. After all, it's a lonely life for her."

Some spice of sympathy was in her heart for the lonely girl. She was ill just now. By and by, when she got stronger she would not be so wayward, maybe. Hilda was far from well. There had been hopes of her becoming a mother, and Bracy Burgoyne had looked forward to the new tie between them as likely to concentrate his wife's affections, and make her less erratic. But it was not to be. A fall, got in what Barbara called "rampaging" about the castle grounds, had destroyed her hopes, and left her very fragile and delicate.

She declared she was well and had dismissed her doctor, electing to physic herself, and lately her duenna's mind had been much disturbed by her insisting on going to Stafford and purchasing medicine for herself, which she kept locked up.

"It's only an opiate, you stupid old thing," was her reply to Barbara's questioning. "Don't look at me as though you fancied it was poison—making herself away! Opiates are poison—every one of 'em," was the grim reply.

"Yes, if you take enough of them. I'm not going to," Hilda answered. "I like my life now, and mean to like it better yet before I die."

CHAPTER IX.

DEATH.

Ere yet decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.
—*Byron.*

Hilda went defiantly to dine with Mrs. Caterham, bent upon making herself as agreeable as she could. She was quite right in her assertion that the dignified old housekeeper of the Breakspeares was a lady. She was a clergyman's widow, who, left penniless, had been glad to find such a haven of rest as the situation she held.

She could not see through Hilda's shallow and ambitious nature, and in her ignorance she pandered to the worst places of it.

Mrs. Caterham was not in her usual spirits on this bright Christmas morning. Everything had gone right. The dinner was done to a nicety and the annual boon dies to the poor, of which the old lady had the supervision in the absence of Lady Euphemia, had been duly attended to.

The duke was very charitable, and judicious so, to his people, and there was not a farm on the estate, be it never so poor, that was not in some way the better for the season of glad tidings of peace and goodwill. It was not gifts altogether. Many a much improvement made, or rents remitted, or some provison made for old age, or rising, ambitious youth. Anyhow, the favors were done, and done in such a way that they came like blessings, and made the name of the owner of Castletowers loved all through the country, nearly half of which owned his sway.

"What's the matter?" inquired Hilda, when she saw how grave Mrs. Caterham looked. "Has the turkey come to grief, or have the puddens busted, as I heard our intellectual specimens yonder telling Mrs. Hepburn ours had? Fancy sitting down to a busted pudden!" Barbara was ready to slap me, I do believe, because I laughed."

"Ah, you don't know the trouble of making a Christmas pudding child, or you'd think it is much more serious matter to have it spoiled," said Mrs. Caterham, with a smile. "My trouble is more serious than that, dear. Take off your hat, dear, and after dinner I'll tell you all about it."

Mrs. Caterham was not alone. She had her son, a well-to-do farmer from Devonshire, and his wife to spend the Christmas with her, and she was quite as happy as though she were in a home of her own. She was absolute mistress, and might, had she been pleased, have invaded the handsome hall and the drawing-rooms and received her guests therein, but she preferred comfort to splendor, and they dined in a small dining-room used by the steward, and sat adjourned to her cosy parlor, forgetting in its warmth and radiance that there was a big, unoccupied house at their backs, full of nothing but echoing noises and remembrances of past grandeur.

"Now, mother dear, what's your dismal news?" asked George Caterham, a big, burly man, with a contented, happy face. "Anything very dreadful? The Break-spears not up, are they and you have n't to turn out? If that's it, we'll make up the spare bed at once, won't we, Grizzy?"

Mrs. Caterham's name was Grizel, or Grizelda, as she often styled herself to make people believe, and she didn't like to be called Grizzy.

"Don't George," she said. "I hate to be called that!"

"Well, mommy, then, if you like it better. There isn't much more of you than a mouse," replied the farmer, encircling the waist of his better half, who was of the smallest order of women, with his huge arm. "If it's a break-up, there's room for mammie here at Caterham, isn't there?"

"Indeed there is," replied the little woman. "Mammie knows that. And she touched the housekeeper's hand with a caress that showed the warm affection existing between her and her husband's mother. "But I hope it's nothing of that sort. Lor, Miss Longmore, how pale you do look!"

"Heaven forbid!" said the old lady. "No, the Breakspeares are not of a race that run headlong to ruin and break up their old homes. My master is as rich as ever, and as good as ever, bless him! It isn't that. Mrs. Longmore, my dear, you are an ill's pale. Do you feel ill?"

"No," Hilda replied, blushing furiously now at being noticed. "I am not very strong now, you know, but I did not know I was paler than usual."

She was very angry with herself for thus wearing her heart upon her sleeve. Of late the mere mention of the name of Lionel Breakspeare had been enough to set her heart throbbing wildly, and the idea of a catastrophe and poverty coming upon his house made her feel sick. The color came back at Mrs Caterham's words. After all, it was some family affair of her own, nothing to interest outsiders, and she was prepared to sympatize with her friend, in her pretty, charming manner, about what ever her trouble might be. But her head began to swim again, and her heart to beat wildly at the housekeeper's next words.

"I've had a letter from his grace," she said, "a kind, pleasant letter, but it is

TO OUR PATRONS.

The Post has ever striven to be the BEST LITERARY PAPER IN EXISTENCE. It counts to no falsehoods or to offices to increase its reputation, but depends solely and entirely upon INTRINSIC MERIT. It has no excuses to stitch to enlarge its circulation. It does not depend upon the wood cuts illustrating the stories which are as nonsensical and inerted as they are immoral and criminal. It has never been branded in the mids of evil in the shape of comic and low advertisements vaunting itself and decorating itself with false hands badly executed and third rate miserable articles which panders only to the lusts of the lowest of the low and touches not a friend or acquaintance save the whole community.

On the other hand the Saturday Evening Post is alive and willing and desirous to be led by the wishes desires and suggestions of its readers to please them and to endeavor to make the paper the most pleasant most attractive and most widely visited periodical of its circumstances in existence.

The present age of circulation culture and thousand dollar new and varied contents of intellectual pleasure. It vainly ignores the false sentimentalism and impure literature and the lowest, stupid and contemptible element of thought mixed only to the foulest minds. It demands the utmost circumstance entertainment and originality, or else the ineligibility of the genius or taste to appreciate congenial sense.

Now all these merits are to be found embodied in the well-edited columns of the Post, and our most liberal readers have very endeared the general satisfaction, literary excellence and reputation which our publication can lay claim to. In all and every of these we speak in good earnest.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
1871

SATURDAY EVENING POST ON SALE

Contents of this Number

First page illustration, entitled [illegible]
Sanctum Chat
Home Culture
Self-Training
"Young Lady's Friend"
Another Great Story
The Riven Cloud
Miscellaneous Items

☞ Please read the Circular which accompanies this paper carefully.

ANOTHER GREAT STORY IN OUR NEXT

THE RIVEN CLOUD.

A most delightful natural and artistic mind full of interest from beginning to end.

☞

Exceedingly good, more original and much pleasure each week.

☞

Personal. Did each Henry Ward Beecher and Father ever looked in. What next?

☞

The Post is known everywhere as the GOOD SATURDAY EVENING POST. The one the reverse the check and to whom and wealth the richest and to prove with the rest.

☞

Home Culture. Perhaps the finest topic yet touched upon by the gifted author of this work is that of the Philadelphia Women's Higher Education, which began last week. The subject is treated in a masterly way, and should not only be read but studied.

☞

We think that the Ladies Department, Fashion Notes, Sketches and Fancy Chat will fully meet with the approval of the most exacting requirements of our lady readers in every respect. It is fully, fresh, crisp, fashionable, and in altogether a superior accompaniment of its kind.

☞

St. Valentine's week, and the rough season of the year, will soon be over, and we trust the days will soon be illuminated with paper garlands and cupids, and other mystical fragments of love. On the 14th the Post will have been over one hundred and fifty years old. Since February 14, 1821.

☞

HEAVEN SIDE EXPRESSIONS

There is a pleasure which is born in the glow of the Sabbath day light of a serene evening in the country to be found in which is worth more than all the fossil delights of entertainment to the intellectual mind. There is a charm about books and newspapers and periodicals which makes the fourth the source of happiness or sad as of comfort and the glory of the night is to find that while the fire blazes of the warm rays without the reader can to a prominent factor while those wrapped in the luxury of a romantic some book from the circulating library of the village, or some bright weekly literary paper full of interest and suggestion.

Then again, when books or papers no longer allure there is the happy family circle: the girls at the piano or at their work or engaged in some game of delightful chess or cards or the reading circle or the dance any one of which is calculated to make us think with for the social night of half a year or that the pleasure may be proportionately length ened. There are games delights in the country on winter evenings especially when the ring-snow is made the medium of an intense communication between the house and every sleigh in the neighborhood is pressed into the service. Then there are parties in the real social life with moonlight and visible forms where the unremembered pursuits of good cheer and where the coming of the dawn is the watch is not for the departure of the guests to the songs, jewels and laughter of love and mirth.

SANCTUM CHAT

[illegible]

Have you a prize girl in your house, dear Lady Reader. The one for the ball-room or a thousand cards all engaging young men to the place where her fair proud mother when they go coming at night, but notwithstanding this fact the unbeliever and sinner as glad into the presence of holy ones in the sanctuary.

The thrill of holy rapture ought to exhilarate in more than one instance. It is a heavenly fact that to live as we find it the easiest to be hard to do and water and our climatic vicissitudes of all the world's capabilities and many contrasts to be the holiest. Any one must take a great moment and hold the key to the realms of bliss.

The University of Pennsylvania in Dear Valentine's Day, we believe, although we have not calendar hands. This is the day when a good many sensitive are said to verify, and a great deal of perspiration takes the form of correspondence and we south and some compose the classic of poetry. It was once not a calendar, but it is dictated to the smiling poet and take the shape of a penwiper.

A Mr. Thomas Barnes of the American whaling fleet. A Hamilton has arrived in New York with an actual trace of the last Sir John Franklin to the shape of a silver spoon bearing the coat of arms. This silver was obtained from an Esquimaux at Whale Point Harbour's Bay. It is hardly possible that Franklin penetrated further North than this point, though it may be true that expeditions were sent by him across the pole.

The reproduction of good pictures by means of wood cuts, chromatic and lithographic, has made a great advance in art and among us which some years ago would hardly have been thought possible. We are no longer to the art cuts of picturesque and showy[illegible] which are long ago found its way into shelves and mantle pieces of families throughout the neighborhood. To-day, when a man buys a painting, he generally knows what he is buying, and he also knows that it is better. It has become no longer to have a good chromatic or wood cut copy of a fine picture than a cast of anything of inferior merit.

Turner is the most celebrated illustrator of all. Scholars who write for the people ought to benefit upon their readers by [illegible] their scholarship. Such works are of no benefit to any except scholars, who alone can comprehend them. The world cares not thought, and new methods of teaching and an author who writes upon a topic of interest, not upon the dead history of times, and who might add more his own character, of course, another subject, whose circumstances have placed him outside such a circle and therefore has access to world purpose. An author may be to address down to our office and especially to the general spirit of common sense, when thought forward methods, new forms and clear original ideas are sure to be recognized.

Attendance to the Ladies Home Journal and every hundred is annually handed over. Can it a fearful proposition, needless it may seem, and whether and others ought to be able to discover some certain test of truth. The French academy not long ago offered a prize for the best method of determining when life was entirely extinct, but the results of the competition were not entirely satisfactory. A speck of the may remain in the body and yet remain undetected. The modern application of electricity to the purpose would seem to be more successful, but the [illegible] of the dead have been [illegible] by the application of the electric current. Probably this is the reason why certain great names in literature live their lustre after a decade and come to us, the lasting, shining

simply because the age outgrows them and looks forward to better things. Nobody now-a-days could write a story [illegible] of rhyme in succession as Scott and make himself famous. A writer in "Personal speech is very much like the party who committed Walter Scott about his productions. Are funds and the Wizard of the North, 'is to like the weather on the right spot. It is pleasant to see it and much good to you, but if it fell always, when a fall you'll have none.'

Among the subjects given out to the Lyceum candidates for prize essays was the peculiar one: The importance to life of change. An assistant to each of the [illegible] competitive articles might be written on such a topic, and yet upon all these to us heavenly. The subject is a good one. Things that are, if in nature or in [illegible], are therefore important and are frequently needless, also change which are not necessary for which no one suppresses to the very fact of such [illegible] and those who [illegible] Before the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] we must [illegible] ourselves to [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

AT EVENING-TIME.

She talks to us at evening time
Of all the quaint old ways,
And all the things that used to be
Once, in her girlish days:
She says the tales were twice as true,
The maids more shy and sweet,
And not afraid of work or play
Were those who were ready to meet;
A simpler life contented them,
And simpler songs were sung,
And one would think 'twas Eden-time,
Long since, when she was young.

She talks to us at evening time,
Of how her lover came
To woo her first; how shy she was
To call him by his name;
She says his eyes were bright as stars,
His hair was like the crow,
I saw him once—his eyes were dim,
His hair was white as snow:
She tells us, with a touch of pride,
He on her accents hung,
And never wanted so time as he,
Long since, when she was young.

She talks to us at evening time,
And tells us that we know
How dear we are, but still she feels
To nearly her last day
We stoop to touch her silv'ry hair,
Or softly kiss her brow;
They did not love her more long since
Than we all love her now:
But she would find our weary hands,
And go to rest among
The silent graves of those she knew
Long since, when she was young.

NORA;
or,
The Confession.

BY MARY CECIL HAY, AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," ETC.

CHAPTER II.
ADMIT.

Three years have passed since the Squire of High Sutton brought his young bride from Ireland, and these three years have passed in perfect happiness for both. So bent had Nora been upon preparing herself for conscientiously taking upon her new position as mistress, that to study indefatigably under her father, in the Irish home in which order and method had ever been strangers, she would have delayed her marriage month after month on the ground of not being sufficiently improved. But her father pleaded with her lover, and won her consent at last, urging his own failing health and great desire to see her in her real home.

Upon this summer evening, when we next see Nora at High Sutton, her father had been dead almost two years, and the little Connaught estate is offered—vainly —for sale.

The twins are at home for the long vacation now, tall and stalwart young men, but with still the old contrast both in face and manner—Ernest, frank and active, Drury, silent, watchful, and inert. There has been no change at all in Ernest's manner to Nora during these three years, but sometimes she fancies Drury is impatient with her, and that he winces at any reminder of their relationship.

"It is natural," she muses to herself, "only I wish he would only laugh at the notion of so young a mother, as Ernest does.

But Drury had added reasons for his depression which his young stepmother never guessed.

Miss Macnair has settled herself—it rather allowed her brother in law to set the her—in the Dower House, and though only a ten minutes' walk across the park brings her to High Sutton, she lets many a day pass without crossing it, unless the twins are at home.

But they are at home now, and Miss Macnair is talking of them, as she loiters on the terrace with the Squire and Nora, and with the little one, who has found no taxer in her eyes. How he has possibly failed to do Sutton is the one thought purring the Squire's mind at this moment, as his little son stands laughing on the wide stone rail—a beautiful boy with grave blue eyes, and a mouth all smiles and dimples, his mother's own sweetness, his father's eyes brightening as they meet his.

"Now do own, Caroline," cried Mr Sutton delightedly, as the child sprang into his outstretched arms, "that boy is like our family, because everybody else tells Nora he has her face.

"He is not at all like your sons—I mean your other sons," observed Miss Macnair drily. "They are not handsome children, not so much petted, either," she continued in the silence which followed her kind remark.

"The petting is all we can give this little lad," said the Squire, good humouredly. "He will have to rough it with the world presently, like the poorest of us.

"P'raphy," observed Miss Macnair, "c—ation will soon discover how very much in his light his brother Ernest stands."

"What are you saying, Caroline?" inquired Mr Sutton sternly, as he closed his arms more tightly about the boy. "Our little lad will never think of Ernest save as his kind big brother, just as Drury always did, only that there would have been some excuse for Drury to resent his primogeniture. Where there is only twenty minutes of priority, the chance has been so nearly escaped, where there is twenty years, the case is very different."

Miss Macnair was gazing copiously into Nora's face, perhaps because it was so beautiful with loving pride and bright content. "I know a boy," she said, as Nora's girlish laugh came brightly from her lips, "who inherited a splendid estate when he came of age, though when I saw him first—just such a child as yours, Nora—five healthy lives stood between him and the property. So there is even a chance in this case."

"I hope," said Nora—and they each noticed that her face had grown very white —"that there is no such thing as chance in such a case."

"We cannot, of course, expect," resumed Miss Macnair, with motiveless obstinacy, "that you do not sometimes wish this home, which is his father's, would some day be your boy's."

Then Nora laughed as she stooped to kiss the child. "Perhaps," she said debonairly, "no mother thinks it wicked to be avaricious for her son."

"Perhaps so," replied the elder lady ominously; "though why that species of coveting should be more free from sin than any other, it puzzles me to imagine."

Nora, my darling," put in her husband very gently, as he stroked her bright soft hair, "when you jest so, Caroline does not understand you, and think what spectacles she would need to find a speck of covetousness in your nature."

Perhaps Miss Macnair did not like the idea of being jested with at all, and perhaps the sight of the perfect confidence between husband and wife galled her a little, as she recollected the old days when her sister left his heart aching and unsatisfied. In any case, she turned away abruptly, and put on the shawl which Nora had carried out for her.

"If you are going for a walk, Caroline," said her brother in law, the passing cloud gone from his genial handsome face, "wait for us."

"I should have liked to come, Miss Macnair," put in Nora, in her warm bright tones, "but I promised Ernest to join him at the river, with baby. If we reach home first, we will walk towards the village to meet you and Wynter. If you are first, will you come towards the boat-house to meet us?"

But Nora's chief reason for refusing to join this walk was not her half promise to Ernest. She understood pretty well now the jealous nature of her husband's sister-in-law, and rightly judging that she would now and then enjoy the Squire's society all to herself, the girl wife, whose nature was utterly free from jealousy of any kind, would often invent a harmless excuse to keep the two together.

It was the Squire and Miss Macnair who reached home first, but, instead of going at once to meet Nora, they lingered together on the terrace, just where they had checked before separating, to watch her, waiting and watching for the others.

Presently, quite suddenly, this silence was broken by a cry—a swift shrill cry of horror—which pierced the air and echoed in the massive walls behind them.

"It was—a laugh, I suppose," faltered Miss Macnair, her lips stiff and white.

The Squire's head was raised, every nerve strained to listen.

"It was a laugh," he said. "Caroline, wait here for Nora."

With a sudden impulse, she closed her hand upon his arm. "I cannot let you go," she sobbed. "It has frightened me! It seemed like Nora's shriek. Stay, listen. There are footsteps."

It was Nora's own fleet tread which presently reached their ears, and the Squire, shaking off her detaining hand, clasped his arm about his wife when she came towards them from the park, her step unsteady, and her eyes fearfully bright in their terror.

"My love," he cried, his tones shaken by a vague alarm, "you are safe in your husband's care. Nothing can hurt you here. Feel how strong I am, and how closely I can guard you. My precious one, how white and ill you look. What is it—tell me. Where"—in sudden apprehension—"is baby."

She turned eagerly to point on the way she had come.

"There," she whispered, as if glad to answer to some opportunity given her. "There—safe. O, my husband, fetch him, and let me go!"

Yet, when his arms were loosed, she only turned to gaze at him with a ghastly pallor on her face. "To the river," she whispered, the words faltering through her parted lips. "Ernest—the Fall. O quick!"

Then, look her husband gave into her face—a look of wild incredulous inquiry—and then he turned and ran, and Nora, shrinking from Miss Macnair's sight, up the house with silent heart's steps, and soon was lost to the keen eyes which followed her.

The great dinner bell had long ceased its unavailing summons, and the dishes were left to grow cold under their covers. The fact had settled upon the house a hush, which in itself was terrible after those hours of excitement. The physicians had left, and their hopeless verdict of "Too late" had passed as constantly from mouth to mouth, that even its keen sting was deadened a little already. Almost the only sound proceeded from Miss Macnair's chamber, where she lay sobbing violently upon her bed. All other rooms in the great house seemed as silent as that one where the heir lay stiff and dead, with the trophies of his boyish tastes around him.

Mr Sutton, whose face in these three hours had grown aged and lined, softly closed the door of this chamber, which in that gathering of the twilight had changed from the noisiest in the house to the awful stillness of deathly stillness, and, with a new heaviness and weakness in his step, went on to his wife's dressing room. The candles were lighted, and by their light he saw in a moment that the room was empty, and looked into that and into her beyond, and searched it even in the darkness. But Nora was not there.

"My poor darling," he murmured, as he turned towards the nurseries, "that angry look in Nora's face was cruel, cruel, when she was trying so bravely to be patient and comforting."

The door of his little boy's nursery was locked, and the Squire's heart sank when he set his ear to this, and that the room was still in darkness.

"Nora," he whispered pleadingly, "it is only I, my love."

His voice was shaken and weakened by the awful shock and grief of these past hours, and the low tones startled Nora as her husband's tones had never startled her before.

Yet, without turning the key, she sat with her hands tight upon her temples, listening in the darkness.

"Let me in, my darling wife."

Her hands fell helpless to her side, and the great pain and love upon her face were pitiful to see, but still she sat silent with the locked door between her and her husband. No word of blame or even surprise he uttered, while she, who ought to have sought him now in sorrow, had her best while life. He is not one to grieve for an hour and then forget; and—they were twins.

Then the strong man lost his self control, and Nora in a moment was the comforter, calm and earnest. An hour afterwards the lamp light filled the rooms again, and Nora was hovering about the tea-table, trying, gently and bravely, to tempt and cheer them all.

So the night fell upon the saddened house, and it was only when the chamber doors were closed that the new deep grief held ruthless sway once more, and made the night hours drag heavily.

There is no need to tell how the days passed before the young heir of High Sutton was laid in the great vault which had been opened only once before. There were the official forms to go through, and the verdict of "Accidental death" shed no further light upon that evening's mystery and misfortune, and took no edge from the grief.

When the Squire and his son returned, after the cruel form had been gone through, Nora met them, slowly and sadly walking towards them in the sunshine.

"My darling," the Squire said, trying to rouse himself from his deep and heavy depression, as he drew her hand tenderly through his arm.

"I—more known?" she asked, looking wistfully across her husband into Drury's face.

"Accidental death," said Drury, gently turning aside her question.

"Tell me, Wynter," she pleaded, "—no more known?"

"One man," returned the Squire, evidently speaking with unwillingness, "wished, after the inquest was officially over, to insinuate that the matter should be looked into further."

"Why?"

"Here is Caroline," he said, without answering.

"If any one wished that the matter should be looked into," began Miss Macnair, betraying, equally by her words and the rigid compression of her lips, that she had overheard her brother's last remark, "they mean that there has been foul play, and the matter must be looked into, Drury."

It struck them all as curious that she should address herself to her nephew in answering her brother in law, and no one had replied when she spoke again, with slow distinctness.

"It means that the boat had been loosed purposely from the pollard, and left to float direct to the rapids, and—to certain death."

"Caroline," interrupted the Squire, his voice shaken by anger as well as pain, "would you—who loved him—be the one to cloud, even for one moment, our fair remembrance of our boy?"

There was no other word uttered then but a chill had fallen among them, whose shadow could be lifted never again.

As the days passed, after this, a new moral Mr Sutton grew seriously alarmed about his wife's health, for since the hour of Ernest's death her color, her spirit, and her appetite had entirely left her, and she moved about the house with a quiet quiet as a ghost, though her words were still bright, and her hands prompt in their care and kindly deeds.

I must take Nora away," he said, resuming himself one day from a long and severe when Miss Macnair came suddenly upon him.

"Why" she inquired, with a note of extra coldness in her voice.

I cannot bear to see her as she is. She comes to no pain, she will see no doctor, and take no rest. It—it is as if she were fading from our sight."

"It is strange," mused Miss Macnair "She says she does not suffer, yet it is hard to believe—knowing how she herself has owned that Ernest stood in her son's way —that her sufferings not have been mental since my dear Ernest met that strange death by which he alone would profit. I always think she would have suffered less since, if she had at once disburdened her mind of all she saw of—knew. Some pressure has been heavy on her mind ever since that hour when she ran shrieking from the spot."

"Spot" cried the Squire huskily. "She was in the park, not far from us and—"

But his sister in law had caught sight of Nora in the distance, and went to join her, leaving the bitter seed to take slow root in the heart which still was so unwilling to receive it, and fought so hard against the cruel insinuation.

All that evening there was a curious watchfulness in her husband's manner which Nora could not help but notice; yet what an added tenderness to her—if that were possible. He noticed that her voice was sweet and kind, as of old, yet there was something different, all its old brightness was gone, and he wondered now that he had never noticed any change beyond her weariness and pallor

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

A Norse Superstition.

"Nat, mother, say, the pictured coat is gone
Long
Dulse and tuffy on the hearthstone there:
You was so flame of rainbow fillet's throw
Tense cut the gloaming of the Northern
Lights—
Ah, there again, they outbound Hamlet
heights—

"No, let me rather you suffer on the pillow.
But, how the crimson flutter there and dies
Leaning to red the long hours of the night?
And the great sods of all the starless skies—
The Father's my mind, I know, but not
me—
Letting the storm and wind to blow to me—

"No child, the tales wife may but her more
And not and gone the ready for the more
Long
No, please, to that morning grant silence.
Sit to the Child how the clouds rise
Long
Fine, the bed my the lingering hours are gone
Ere ashes, the golden gone, and the
Long

Were the long out to deep and down to
Child
Down the long sick so times race to trace
Long
The tears are cruel and garnered up for time
Tears are cruel and garnered up for time
Long
For the life's black and shining seas and
Long
Hated not the northern lights of Lucifer.

See me for the great curves of great day
Long
Crimson, curious, luminous, are gathered
Long
For me, for me, for me, for me
For pinions to that crimson digital touch
Long
Ah, see, see, come, see the sea will soon be
Long
Fast red to caution, watch see me
Long
Again the banner of the Northern Lights
Hated not bright across the face of
Long
And in the evening, in the ragged heights
Hated not the northern lights of Lucifer
And see, see, coming of a happy land

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORE THAN KIN," "A MAID FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (CONTINUED.)

In his pale face were with pale and not
Being she was infinite pity infinite love,
compassion and tenderness chose in his
eyes, and he could not look away from her
while he so did just then. He knew only
her.

Hilford gave child to be had a letter!
he asked.

It is so bad, she said, that it could
not be worse. Basil nothing could be
worse. I am tired of it. I am going
away.

Going away, he repeated dearly.
That is what I feared. Has your guilty
one forbidden you to go out of her
Hilford?

No, she replied truthfully, it was
but

He was about to a few minutes and then
as she looked up at him a great pity
stole over her. His face was raised to
the door, for the hot blood flushed in a
crimson she had read a letter which
seemed to have struck him like a blow
in the face. Her own heart throbbed
with sudden sympathy and pain as she
thought of the woman who had written
him.

Hilford, she said softly, you have
had some bad news?

He turned his dark eyes to her.

You are a good friend, he said
slowly, and I am sure you could never deceive
me. Tell me what you might. Indeed I
should not like you to be a party to any
deception that you always assume
when your husband is away.

Oh! she asked in wonder.

Do you not perhaps delight intimately
in learning a few days before the event how
the most momentous event in life is going to
happen to you, how you will give your
husband an heir, a special child some one
over you to whom you can give your
love, and who will be entirely dependent
on you for everything? Do you not delight
in these darkness?

How can I help it, when I know
that I am not the only one? she asked
piteously.

It is difficult, I admit, but women will
do much. You know that such a news
you have given me, but you like it. You
are glad that I am not one for you
your manner and your words. Is it not
I should most certainly have thought
was but kept.

But you are wrong, Hilford. I have
heard of him very frequently and I do that
you will much care for him. He has
her heart against you.

It is always hard for me, she said
Then I am sorry, I am indeed. Have you
a. When you are proud and devoted to
her you think that he does not care
that is left no moment to him; he says
things to you that he would never say if
you were gentle. Shall I give you an
single of what I mean? The other morning
you were in my room, you had brought
some beautiful flowers—you were like
an angel with your white dress and your
bright, rose-tips were smiling, you were so
glad. I was thinking to myself how fair
and graceful you were, how above all
women you were calculated to brighten a
man's heart and home, when you were
holding a spray of impenetrable in your
hands, trying to fix it in fragrant it was and
you were laughing at your pretty faces in you
reflection with it. I was close to you—
so near—

I felt her head and her face flushed
I do remember, she answered shyly.
He spoke with impetuousness in your hands
and how I wished that I might be the
ravished flower that kissed, he said. Do
you not know that you are very fair to
look upon, and I was only there
I was your servant, and I was only there
the pretty spray was as though it had
sung you.

She clasped her white hands with a pretty
gesture of penitence.

I was wrong, Basil. Oh, I
have no excuse.

Then I do, in his turn, and something
about ladies' are which you did not
like. You range me of the room, and
I was not your husband or your
lover.

How should you have discovered that you
think of the word but. You must be on
friendship over it—nothing can be done
without enthusiasm. You must give your-
self up to it as a missionary does to the
conversion of the heathen, as a martyr
does to his death. You must work for it,
live for it, die for it. Have you the cour-
age and the constancy for that, Hilford?

The light was deepening on her face; the
fire in her eyes. The question of his words
was beginning to tell upon her.

I have both the courage and the con-
stancy, she replied.

Think of the difference in the ending,
he said. Imagine the Earl on his death
bed, tortured by the ghosts of those whom
he has neglected for the ghosts of those he
left undone, ready to curse the young wife
who by living from him and hurting him
in his own device, had hastened his ruin,
body and soul—you see that? Then think
to yourself the Earl on his deathbed lies-
ting the door with the noble woman who
saved him from ruin who take his soul
from hell—you see that? Imagine how he
lies and to die. Could you have the
moment between those two pictures?

No, not for one moment, Basil. I do
not believe I will not hesitate. I will do
all in my power.

That is well said. You must confess
to overcome all difficulties—you may be
sure of success. In the beginning that nothing
shall harm him. Then, when he is
reaching for you, but although I have
been only a rough soldier, I have seen
a great deal of life, and I have come to the
conclusion that if a man is treated cleanly
and kindly, if he is not worried by nag-
ging medicine quarrelling, and if he is
attending public meetings would devote
themselves to cultivating the best qualities
in their wives, the world would be
better than it is.

Believing their husbands instead of
the British Constitution, put in Hilford,
smiling. But he had spoken in solemn
earnest and could not seek reward for
it.

I cannot tell you, he said gravely
how highly I think of you for having
made me this promise. When in the years
to come I shall see the woman whom I love
best, esteemed, honored and respected, I
shall thank you some more as he will.

Hilford smile passed her lips.

Basil, she said, you seem very cer-
tain as to my success. You have no fear
that I shall fail?

No. How she set to work with
downright good will seldom fail to be
gifted and there is something in the
quaint earnest simplicity which carried her
with it.

I do not say for one moment that you
will have an easy or a short task, he continued.
Indeed frankly speaking, he continued
it is easily turned from such fatal habits
of indulgence as Lord Caversey has you
will have to be a work of time and patience
of almost infinite tact. And you know
my opinion of it. So would you, the
grandson of all ministers that a woman can
overcome. The apostle of the household
has left a trade as exalted as that of the apostle
of the heathen.

He pondered while he spoke in silence broken
only by the western wind as it beat the
heads of the roses and shook the white
wisteria blossoms on to the grass.

It was Hilford who with a little cry
broke the silence as she looked into his
Basil's face.

We have forgotten one thing, she
said, we have decided that it is a
monstrous must be attempted that it is
good thing to undertake, but you have not
told me how it is to be set about.

You can leave that to me, he said
Will you let me speak quite frankly to
Hilford and promise me that you will not
be shocked with one single word that I
shall use?

She raised her dark eyes to his.

You are a good friend, she said
and I am sure you could never deceive
me. Tell me what you might. Indeed I
should not like you to be a party to any
deception that you always assume
when your husband is away.

Oh! she asked in wonder.

Do you not perhaps delight intimately
in learning a few days before the event how
the most momentous event in life is going to
happen to you, how you will give your
husband an heir, a special child some one
over you to whom you can give your
love, and who will be entirely dependent
on you for everything? Do you not delight
in these darkness?

How can I help it, when I know
that I am not the only one? she asked
piteously.

It is difficult, I admit, but women will
do much. You know that such a news
you have given me, but you like it. You
are glad that I am not one for you
your manner and your words. Is it not
I should most certainly have thought
was but kept.

But you are wrong, Hilford. I have
heard of him very frequently and I do that
you will much care for him. He has
her heart against you.

It is always hard for me, she said
Then I am sorry, I am indeed. Have you
a. When you are proud and devoted to
her you think that he does not care
that is left no moment to him; he says
things to you that he would never say if
you were gentle. Shall I give you an
single of what I mean? The other morning
you were in my room, you had brought
some beautiful flowers—you were like
an angel with your white dress and your
bright, rose-tips were smiling, you were so
glad. I was thinking to myself how fair
and graceful you were, how above all
women you were calculated to brighten a
man's heart and home, when you were
holding a spray of impenetrable in your
hands, trying to fix it in fragrant it was and
you were laughing at your pretty faces in you
reflection with it. I was close to you—
so near—

I felt her head and her face flushed
I do remember, she answered shyly.
He spoke with impetuousness in your hands
and how I wished that I might be the
ravished flower that kissed, he said. Do
you not know that you are very fair to
look upon, and I was only there
I was your servant, and I was only there
the pretty spray was as though it had
sung you.

She clasped her white hands with a pretty
gesture of penitence.

I was wrong, Basil. Oh, I
have no excuse.

Then I do, in his turn, and something
about ladies' are which you did not
like. You range me of the room, and
I was not your husband or your
lover.

How should you have discovered that you
think of the word but. You must be on
friendship over it—nothing can be done
without enthusiasm. You must give your-
self up to it as a missionary does to the
conversion of the heathen, as a martyr
does to his death. You must work for it,
live for it, die for it. Have you the cour-
age and the constancy for that, Hilford?

The light was deepening on her face; the
fire in her eyes. The question of his words
was beginning to tell upon her.

I have both the courage and the con-
stancy, she replied.

Think of the difference in the ending,
he said. Imagine the Earl on his death
bed, tortured by the ghosts of those whom
he has neglected for the ghosts of those he
left undone, ready to curse the young wife
who by living from him and hurting him
in his own device, had hastened his ruin,
body and soul—you see that? Then think
to yourself the Earl on his deathbed lies-
ting the door with the noble woman who
saved him from ruin who take his soul
from hell—you see that? Imagine how he
lies and to die. Could you have the
moment between those two pictures?

No, not for one moment, Basil. I do
not believe I will not hesitate. I will do
all in my power.

That is well said. You must confess
to overcome all difficulties—you may be
sure of success. In the beginning that nothing
shall harm him. Then, when he is
reaching for you, but although I have
been only a rough soldier, I have seen
a great deal of life, and I have come to the
conclusion that if a man is treated cleanly
and kindly, if he is not worried by nag-
ging medicine quarrelling, and if he is
attending public meetings would devote
themselves to cultivating the best qualities
in their wives, the world would be
better than it is.

Believing their husbands instead of
the British Constitution, put in Hilford,
smiling. But he had spoken in solemn
earnest and could not seek reward for
it.

I cannot tell you, he said gravely
how highly I think of you for having
made me this promise. When in the years
to come I shall see the woman whom I love
best, esteemed, honored and respected, I
shall thank you some more as he will.

Hilford smile passed her lips.

Basil, she said, you seem very cer-
tain as to my success. You have no fear
that I shall fail?

No. How she set to work with
downright good will seldom fail to be
gifted and there is something in the
quaint earnest simplicity which carried her
with it.

I do not say for one moment that you
will have an easy or a short task, he continued.
Indeed frankly speaking, he continued
it is easily turned from such fatal habits
of indulgence as Lord Caversey has you
will have to be a work of time and patience
of almost infinite tact. And you know
my opinion of it. So would you, the
grandson of all ministers that a woman can
overcome. The apostle of the household
has left a trade as exalted as that of the apostle
of the heathen.

He pondered while he spoke in silence broken
only by the western wind as it beat the
heads of the roses and shook the white
wisteria blossoms on to the grass.

It was Hilford who with a little cry
broke the silence as she looked into his
Basil's face.

We have forgotten one thing, she
said, we have decided that it is a
monstrous must be attempted that it is
good thing to undertake, but you have not
told me how it is to be set about.

You can leave that to me, he said
Will you let me speak quite frankly to
Hilford and promise me that you will not
be shocked with one single word that I
shall use?

She raised her dark eyes to his.

You are a good friend, she said
and I am sure you could never deceive
me. Tell me what you might. Indeed I
should not like you to be a party to any
deception that you always assume
when your husband is away.

Oh! she asked in wonder.

Do you not perhaps delight intimately
in learning a few days before the event how
the most momentous event in life is going to
happen to you, how you will give your
husband an heir, a special child some one
over you to whom you can give your
love, and who will be entirely dependent
on you for everything? Do you not delight
in these darkness?

How can I help it, when I know
that I am not the only one? she asked
piteously.

It is difficult, I admit, but women will
do much. You know that such a news
you have given me, but you like it. You
are glad that I am not one for you
your manner and your words. Is it not
I should most certainly have thought
was but kept.

But you are wrong, Hilford. I have
heard of him very frequently and I do that
you will much care for him. He has
her heart against you.

It is always hard for me, she said
Then I am sorry, I am indeed. Have you
a. When you are proud and devoted to
her you think that he does not care
that is left no moment to him; he says
things to you that he would never say if
you were gentle. Shall I give you an
single of what I mean? The other morning
you were in my room, you had brought
some beautiful flowers—you were like
an angel with your white dress and your
bright, rose-tips were smiling, you were so
glad. I was thinking to myself how fair
and graceful you were, how above all
women you were calculated to brighten a
man's heart and home, when you were
holding a spray of impenetrable in your
hands, trying to fix it in fragrant it was and
you were laughing at your pretty faces in you
reflection with it. I was close to you—
so near—

I felt her head and her face flushed
I do remember, she answered shyly.
He spoke with impetuousness in your hands
and how I wished that I might be the
ravished flower that kissed, he said. Do
you not know that you are very fair to
look upon, and I was only there
I was your servant, and I was only there
the pretty spray was as though it had
sung you.

She clasped her white hands with a pretty
gesture of penitence.

I was wrong, Basil. Oh, I
have no excuse.

Then I do, in his turn, and something
about ladies' are which you did not
like. You range me of the room, and
I was not your husband or your
lover.

How should you have discovered that you

(To be continued.)

THE GIRLS WHO DO SUPPORT CAPITAL.

Under the capital of Egypt and the Arab
world, is also a commercial capital of
Mohammedanism and the East, second
in importance only to Constantinople. It
is the principal emporium of Paris London,
and New York the centre of the trade of
Arabia, Persia and the Indies. The
mass of its 400,000 inhabitants are Egyp-
tians and Mohammedans by faith.
The streets are all Arabian. Between
Italians, Greeks, French, Germans, Eng-
lish and a few Americans. The greater
part of these in the small life. It is a
curious mixture of all nationalities,
creeds, languages and costumes, with a
strong preponderance of the Oriental and
barbarous element. It is a perpetual
carnival, which defies description. The
banks and Kasr el Nil Bridges and
New York Broadway cannot compare with
it. The streets are alive with gaudily
dressed men and veiled women, water car-
riers, peddlers of all kinds of sweet burning
dainties, gambling and lounging dogs,
horses and carriages, all jostling, dogs
each other in endless confusion. The crowd
is so dense that it seems impossible to get
through, and yet you find that you
cannot hear your own voice. Any one
carriage is preceded by one or more men
here, crying to clear the way. The
carriages are covered with carpets or rugs
for lounging or prayers, and a pulpit or
reading desk but have no seats, so when
to after, no pictures, and betray the lesser
chaste character of Mohammedan worship.
which consists simply of prayers and sev-
eral preaching from the Koran. The
Arab music is monotonous and dull.

AN EMPEROR EASY'S DUTIES.—When
the Earl of Portland was in office as treasu-
rer of the Stocks, in the year 1699, the royal orders
were published which thus described his
office: "The treasurer of the Stocks being pre-
sent, he by virtue of his place, to put in
the chair as a warrant out both evening
and morning, or sooner as we shall charge
our house, and to his absence, the treasu-
rer of our Bedchamber then in waiting,
and in case of the absence of our Bedchamber
to the treasurer of our Bedchamber
to warm our chair before we come down,
and the same all are not ready to put it
on, and then we believe it was our duties
of Stocks, and to be absence, as before
the said with a hot flush on her face
Because I loved both you and Ugo as
dearly he replied. Now for my life
station Hilford. Suppose that, instead of
being as they do, the flower that he liked
you had picked up into his face and had
said something gay or graceful or pretty
he would have returned a smiling answer
and all would have been well and the
next time you met he would have been
even more smiling and you more kind.

But Basil, she asked would that
have been sincere? I do not feel kind
so pleased to be about to affect to be so!

You ought to feel kind to be your
own husband. All that I can say is that
you should try to feel so whether you do
or not. Now begin this very day. Show
at that many much kindness. How is he to
know what a tender soul is hidden by that
cheerful face unless you give him the
chance of finding it out? Do not set to
yourself that you will win him

It is not necessary to seek for love
which is offered to you, Basil?

It might be in a few days, but I am a wife.
I think a wife should aspire to win her
husband to make him who her with all his
heart.

Lord Caversey will never love me, she
said. I do not think he ever has done so
Give it truth wasted—he has had a form
but never—

But not one real one, Hilford. If
you win his heart you will need for
it you will to his first love, and you will
take our stand on something higher
than is pleasant, but you shall not de-
ceive your husband. You shall decide
yourself to the coming of an heir, and
with, but long looked in self indulgence
and folly, you shall spend your life in
the Earl of Caversey worthy of
the name he bears.

I promise again, she replied.

Ah, child you know but little, after
all, of what you will have to encounter.
But a man can never decide his post,
but a woman can. You will have
many sad humiliations many bitter
hours of unconscious many a contest with
yourself to gain, but you will win in the
end. I am sure of it, and so shall be
you are now, Hilford.

The Earl clasped her hands together and
he looked at him with princess entreaty.

I will, she said.

I will do what you tell me Basil for
it is what it must

Then I shall suggest this. You wish
to make a friend of Lord Caversey, you
marked but some evening act of civility
that will make amends. Ask him to your
desire to be a but children call "friends"
he did not know what an affair it was
he went. Yes. But she did say it, and
she meant it.

Then this is what I suggest. It was
about a spray of nightmarette that you
had placed in his hair. Some one ob-
served it to him. Basil you can ob-
tain and take them to him. See quite
carefully. You admire nightmarette, so I
have brought you this.

Are you sure, she said Hilford. he re-
plies in kind by thanking you aware?

Never mind, courage is necessary
sometimes in your husband's service. Ah, Hilford
after all you are like, and darkness should
have little to do with you. Now you
will not be alone in your struggles. I shall
watch over you. I shall help you and
sympathize in case.

She looked Basil and kissed it. He
saw her face clear, and a bright earnest
light shine in her eyes.

Do you know, Basil, she said that
I feel happier now before I have begun
I did not like the thought of running
away, there was something cowardly
about it. Now I shall never think of it
again. I shall endure in the very end I
am happier now that you do not leave
something to live for.

Something to live for, he repeated
I am glad to hear you say so. Life is
more patient than patience it
self. I must go back to all vanity and
self esteem must have me here. I begin
the task that you have set me. I will
not from the commencement to the end,
and may God help me. It is for the good of a
human soul.

Hilford, you do not know how often I
have longed to speak to you about this
I wondered to help you to advise you,
and now at last you have given me the pri-
vilege I shall not be alow to avail myself
of it.

(To be continued.)

THE GIRLS WHO DO SUPPORT CAPITAL.

Under the capital of Egypt and the Arab
world, is also a commercial capital of
Mohammedanism and the East, second
in importance only to Constantinople. It
is the principal emporium of Paris London,
and New York the centre of the trade of
Arabia, Persia and the Indies. The
mass of its 400,000 inhabitants are Egyp-
tians and Mohammedans by faith.
The streets are all Arabian. Between
Italians, Greeks, French, Germans, Eng-
lish and a few Americans. The greater
part of these in the small life. It is a
curious mixture of all nationalities,
creeds, languages and costumes, with a
strong preponderance of the Oriental and
barbarous element. It is a perpetual
carnival, which defies description. The
banks and Kasr el Nil Bridges and
New York Broadway cannot compare with
it. The streets are alive with gaudily
dressed men and veiled women, water car-
riers, peddlers of all kinds of sweet burning
dainties, gambling and lounging dogs,
horses and carriages, all jostling, dogs
each other in endless confusion. The crowd
is so dense that it seems impossible to get
through, and yet you find that you
cannot hear your own voice. Any one
carriage is preceded by one or more men
here, crying to clear the way. The
carriages are covered with carpets or rugs
for lounging or prayers, and a pulpit or
reading desk but have no seats, so when
to after, no pictures, and betray the lesser
chaste character of Mohammedan worship.
which consists simply of prayers and sev-
eral preaching from the Koran. The
Arab music is monotonous and dull.

AN EMPEROR EASY'S DUTIES.—When
the Earl of Portland was in office as treasu-
rer of the Stocks, in the year 1699, the royal orders
were published which thus described his
office: "The treasurer of the Stocks being pre-
sent, he by virtue of his place, to put in
the chair as a warrant out both evening
and morning, or sooner as we shall charge
our house, and to his absence, the treasu-
rer of our Bedchamber then in waiting,
and in case of the absence of our Bedchamber
to the treasurer of our Bedchamber
to warm our chair before we come down,
and the same all are not ready to put it
on, and then we believe it was our duties
of Stocks, and to be absence, as before

NEWS of INTEREST

—Washington has twenty lunches.

—They have six pound rats in Kentucky.

—Paris mule a thousand horses a month.

—Strawberries are blooming in Florida.

—Kansas farmers offer to trade corn for coal even up.

—The largest horse travels steadily side in the French capital.

—Spinning Bee is the latest as announcement in Boston.

In Denver, Colorado, greenbacks are
held at a premium in gold.

Russia has 12,000 miles of railway,
nearly all built since 1890.

All the walks in the Cincinnati markets
will hereafter be inspected daily.

The silver three cent piece, born in
1851, was designed to pay postage with.

New York has a tin toy factory that
makes the million penny whistles a year.

A mobile electric power shell 12 inches
long is exhibited by a New York dealer in
location.

John Morrissey's health is much im-
proved, that he has discharged one of his
physicians.

Five thousand pounds of artificial
butter are manufactured daily in Penn-
burgh, Pa.

The Female Benevolent Society at
Fremont, N. Y., fifty eight years old, was
disbanded a few days ago.

They are talking in Chicago of light-
ing the councils by electricity and expect
to make a great saving by it.

A Nebraska man is fleeing in a tract
of land in Custer county sixty five miles
long and thirty miles wide.

Three hundred dollars were found
pinned in the dress lining of a Newark
(Ohio) woman, who died recently.

An act of the California Legislature
which has been passed into a law punishes as a
felony the use of incendiary language.

One cent per bushel reduction in a duty
since of $10,000 and in the value of the an-
nual crop of corn in the United States.

A Washington correspondent says the
Potomac is constantly growing fat, as his
case nowadays is unusually scarce on the back.

In 1900 the United States cultivated
240,471 acres in tobacco, with a yield of
501,160,000 pounds, valued at $38,503,
000.

Blankets are the circulating me-
dium of the natives of Yarmouth Island. The
richest chiefs have them stored by the
hundreds.

Speaker Sheppard, of the South Caro-
lina Assembly, wears a robe of black silk,
trimmed with purple velvet, which cost the
State $300.

A man in Hanon, N. H. has used the
dilatory favor of his daughter for $300 for
room, board, fuel and lights during four
years of courtship.

Two children were poisoned the other
day in St. Louis by eating colored candy.
The bodies became purple after death
and the eyes white.

A Brooklyn dealer has obtained a judg-
ment of $17 against Mr. Anna's Episcopal
Church there for a contract to have
added the church.

A temperance newspaper asserts that
there are in this country 600,000 habitual
drunkards and of this number more than
five per cent are females.

Mr. Jefferson Davis has been endors-
ing a colored man, Mr. S. Minor, for
president of a Southern college, in oppos-
ition to several white candidates.

A North Carolina man has been tried
three times for stealing a five cent spool of
cotton at an expense to the public of about
$300 and convicted after all.

Ira Condon hoed an old woman who
had been receiving aid from a benevolent
association but started herself and kept
about twenty cats in excellent condition.

Americans are exporting coffins to
London and putting them on the market
at prices little more than half of those
charged by Her Majesty's native under-
takers.

Francis Murphy, the temperance re-
former, together with his son and friends,
was called on the President and Mrs.
Harris Tuesday at the White House, and
met with pleasant reception.

It is rumored that M. Labouchere
from St. Petersburg that the Czar is to
seriously indisposed and is depressed with
a presentiment of his approaching death.
M. Rosanoff has lived beyond sixty and
he will be sixty in April.

The practice of opium eating has in-
creased enormously in Maine, and most
morphine is sold in that State than in any
other. Legislation is proposed to prohi-
bite. This is said to be owing to the en-
forcement of the liquor law.

Attempt is the force of habit. There is
a conservative party at the Siamese
Court which strongly opposes the innovation
suggested by the King, that concubines
shall no longer crawl on their stomachs in
the royal presence.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ire-
land has forbidden our persons to be pres-
ent at wakes or to accept the usual refresh-
ments of the deceased, and no drinking or
intoxicating liquors are to be used on such
occasions under penalty of the deprivation
of the services of the priest.

A new amusement is in vogue among
Mexicans in San Francisco. Two men
blindfolded and armed with a knife and
handkerchief tightly around the throat of
their knives, having a quarter of an inch
of the point exposed. Then they fight with
these weapons, and when the wounds
cause to drop they are often numerous
and painful.

Montreal and Chicago are the two
cities which compete now for fathers, Boston
and Philadelphia for the choicest, Wash-
ington and Richmond for the finest Amer-
ican of African descent, New Orleans and
Charleston for cotton, San Francisco and
St. Louis for Chinamen, Baltimore and
Norfolk for oysters.

A shoplifter was arrested the other
day in Paris who bore under his arm a
very innocent looking box, seemingly done
up in paper and tied with a cord. On this
box had a false bottom, opening and closing
with a spring. Its owner would open it
down on two or three small articles while
pretending to examine something else, and
when he took up the box again the articles
that had been under it were inside it.

Dames Pacha, the Turkish defender
of Plevna, is treated with great deference
at Constantinople at his house, two grand-
armen are always at his orders, and there
is an officer who waits upon him. His
wound still troubles him, and he is gener-
ally of dull humor, although he offers re-
ceive telegrams from Constantinople. The
Sultan preserves for him all his dignities,
and has ordered that his children be
brought up at the public expense.

THE ORPHANS.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The library was gray with the deepening twilight, as the uncle and nephew entered it, and as Fritz stood, cap in hand, awaiting the expected examination, his face wore an expression of anxiety and disquietude. The first idea that struck him was that Sara was ill, or that some terrible accident had befallen her; but as he looked in his uncle's face, scarcely able to restrain his impatience, the knit brow and angry expression about the mouth convinced him that the information he was to receive was on some very different subject, and not one of a pacific character.

It was seldom that Mr. Somers busied himself about the children's affairs. He considered his duty towards his family fulfilled when he had supplied the funds necessary for their comfort, and this he did with no sparing hand. He devoted most of his time to business, and the leisure hours he allowed himself were generally spent at his club. Sometimes, but not always, he partook of his meals at home, and on these occasions he would, perhaps, hold a pleasant chat with the family, but the government of the household and the training of the children were left entirely to his wife, in whose prudence and economy he placed implicit confidence.

It was owing to these circumstances that Fritz found himself entirely unable to conjecture what he should be the object of his uncle's evident displeasure. He was not, however, kept very long in suspense.

"Be seated, sir," said Mr. Somers, motioning him to a chair, as he threw himself upon a sofa. "I have a very unpleasant duty to perform, but one which gives me much pain, and yet it is highly necessary that I should not shrink from it."

Fritz started up in alarm from his chair, exclaiming:

"It is as I feared, then. Sara is ill, perhaps dying. Oh! Uncle Philip, you will kill me with suspense. Tell me the worst at once, and I will try to bear it as I ought."

"Calm yourself, Fritz. Sara is well. The trouble is not about her, and, remember, when I tell you the nature of the accusation, that, although appearances are at present against you, you are not to be considered guilty of the offence until you are proved to be the criminal."

"Guilty!—proved to be a criminal! What is your meaning, uncle?" he cried.

"I am sorry, Fritz, that a shadow of suspicion should have fallen upon you, and I have no doubt of your being able to prove your innocence. Will you be good enough to tell me what you were doing here, at my desk, early this morning?"

The boy's ingenuous face was covered with blushes. He had gone to the library with his books, just as the day was dawning, and, while his lessons were all prepared, he had seated himself at his uncle's desk to make a calculation of the sum necessary to be expended on Sara's outfit. Would he now, after all, be forced to reveal to his unsympathizing uncle the secret he had guarded so faithfully? He hesitated to answer, until the question was repeated in an authoritative tone.

"Will you tell me what you were doing at my desk this morning, before anyone in the house, except yourself, had arisen?"

"It is nothing new for me to rise early to study my lessons, uncle," answered Fritz, "and I always come into the library, because all the books needed for reference are here."

"But the desk, boy, the desk! What were you doing at the desk? Come, make me an explicit statement at once."

"I was writing, uncle. Jotting down some figures, making a calculation."

"What kind of a calculation were you making?"

"Will you excuse me from disclosing the nature of it for a few hours?"

No, sir. Not an hour, not a minute. There has been a large amount of money taken from the drawer of the drawer of my desk, which I unfortunately forgot to lock last night, and, as William found you writing beside it, when he came out of the room to attend to his duties, the natural conclusion is that you are the one who knows something about the theft."

The transition from the buoyant hopes entertained by Fritz, as he came home, to the distress caused by his uncle's cruel speech, was too much for the excited boy to bear. Tears started to his eyes, and thoughts of his dead mother and his lost home threat themselves upon him, but it was only for a moment. Strong in his consciousness of innocence, he arose from his uncle's side, and, with a clear voice, and in a composed manner, he asked:

"Am I to understand, Uncle Philip, that I am suspected of having stolen your money?"

"I am sorry to say that you are. Will you be kind enough to hand me that package, of which you seem so careful?"

There was a feeling in Fritz's throat as if he were swallowing the whole chain of the Alleghany mountains, as he gave the package into his uncle's outstretched hand, saying:

"I obey you, sir, but as its contents are mine alone, you have no right to open it."

"I will take the responsibility," was the answer, and as with his peculiar Mr. Somers cut the string, the beautiful blossom colored silk fell in shining folds to the floor, followed by the delicately tinted gloves, and a dainty embroidered handkerchief trimmed with costly lace.

Mr. Somers made gesture of amazement as he surveyed the poor boy's treasures, but Fritz gained new courage at the sight of them.

"Uncle Philip," he said, with the truth of his assertion impressed upon every feature of his face, "I could not take your money. These things I purchased for my sister with money that I have been saving for her for a long time. I earned it all honestly myself, of which I can give you proof if you require it."

"Do you pretend to tell me, with the expectation that I will believe you, that you earned the money to buy all these costly things? You are telling me an untruth, and I had faith in you, Fritz."

As the boy was about to reply, the door of the library opened to admit Mrs. Somers and Russell.

"Look," said Mr. Somers, with a sneer on his face, "at these pretty things that Fritz has been buying for Sara."

Mrs. Somers held up her hands in horror, while Fritz stood calmly by, glancing fearlessly at each face in turn, that was looking with so much distrust upon him.

"This is the effect of taking beggars into your house, papa, said Russell. "I was always sure that no good would ever come of such a sneak as Fritz. Sara is no better. She is a girl, and afraid, or she would follow the lead of her charming brother."

Mr. Somers marked the indignant flush that spread over the face of Fritz at this mention of his sister's name, and, taking Russell by the shoulder, put him forcibly out of the room. Then, turning to Fritz, he said in a kind voice, for a tender feeling came into his heart, as the boy looked at him with his mother's eyes:

"I am sorry this unfortunate affair has happened, Fritz, but if you have been tempted, for your sister's sake, to take this money, own to the truth, and your fault shall not only be forgiven, but entirely forgotten also."

"Uncle Philip," he exclaimed while his heart was throbbing with violent emotion, "you are a cruel, unfeeling man. I am not a thief, and I will not hear such imputations from anyone. If you believe such evil of me it is time I had left the shelter of your roof."

Mr. Somers rose from the sofa.

"Become from my presence," he cried, as he shook his clenched hand in the boy's face. "Go to your room, sir, and stay there till you hear from me."

Fritz took up his cap and went to the door. As he held it open, ready to depart, he thus replied to his uncle's command:

"I go, Uncle Philip, from your presence and from your house. I wish you a very good evening, sir, and hope your heart will not reproach you for your conduct towards the child you promised my dear mother to care for as your own."

The door closed, and the boy was gone. Mr Somers rushed to the street, but Fritz had disappeared. He called a servant, and ordered him to find the boy and bring him home.

"I have been rash," he thought. "Fritz may be innocent after all. The parcel of valuable goods was against him. If I had a bad look. How else could he have obtained so much money? And now I recollect hearing he had been at work. The poor boy! What if I have done him injustice! I will go to Harriet and hear what she says about it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kitty Clifton.

"It all seems so wrong, mamma," said Kitty Clifton, resolutely.

She had come home from Madame Guillaume 88. Ernie's fashionable finishing establishment, "the prettiest little rose of a seventeen year old blonde, that it is possible to imagine.

Tall and straight, with turquoise blue eyes and soft, pearl fair forehead, all festooned round with pale gold rings of shining hair, she made you think of the pictured Madonnas delineated by the marvelous pencils of the grand old masters on the chancel wall and glittering stained glass window in foreign cathedral aisles.

Our Kitty was accomplished, too.

Madame Guillaume 88. Ernie, who really had a heart somewhere, discovered Frenchwoman though she was, had seen to that.

She could recite Corneille by the page, chatter Italian as fluently as a native, play until you would think her white fingers a whole legion of fairies making music on the ivory piano keys, and sing like a bird, to say nothing of the delicious little water color pictures that hung round the walls and the exquisite embroidery that looked like sea pearl and crystallized snowdrifts.

Verily, Kitty's two years at Madame 88. Ernie's had not been time spent in vain.

And now she had come home again—home to the quiet old house behind the cedars, where the furniture was so massive and old fashioned, and the velvet carpets worn to the very warp.

For the Cliftons had been very rich once, and were poor now, yet they never forgot that they had been "the gentry" of the town which was now thriving place.

And old Mr. Clifton, weak and decrepid, sat all day in his easy chair watching the sunshine play along the window sill, and his daughter-in-law, Kitty's mother, darned the faded family linen, and turned her old silk gown in patient much-enduring poverty—that "genteel poverty" which is so much harder to endure than any other shape.

"We are poor, mamma," persisted Kitty, "and grandpapa cannot have his wine, and your dear old black silk dress looks so shockingly rusty, and here I am, strong, and able to work, yet idling away the very best years of my life."

Mrs. Clifton's pale, aristocratic brow contracted a little.

"The Cliftons never have worked for a living yet, Kitty."

"Mamma, I would rather work than starve," responded the young girl, passionately.

"We have not yet come to that, my love, thank Heaven!"

"But we shall do so, in ten years, if it is all outgo and no income. Don't contradict me, mamma, darling, didn't I win the first mathematical prize at Madame 88. Ernie's, and can't I teach as well as any means for myself? Oh, mamma, please let me give music lessons, or sell some of my flower pieces, or do embroidery, or——"

"My child," said Mrs. Clifton, gently, "it is quite out of the question. Let the matter rest—we will certainly not anticipate evil ere it comes.

And Kitty did not venture to appeal from her mother's calm, yet firm, decision.

Yet it was none the less hard for her to sit by, with folded hands, and see the poverty which daily circled them round.

But she could divert the current of ennui in some degree by writing to school friends she had made at Madame 88. Ernie's—and of all her allies, Blanche Leslie was the dearest.

Miss Leslie was a pretty, black-eyed girl, who dwelt at the West End, and whose father, o use the ordinary expression, "rolled in gold."

And she and Kitty Clifton were "twin roses on one stem," so close and tender was their intimacy.

The Leslies are a well-descended family, although he is in trade, said Mr. Clifton. "It will not demean Kitty to associate all she chooses with Herman Leslie's daughter.

And the old aristocrat, having issued his ukase, went back to his newspaper and gold eye glasses.

"Oh, Kitty," said Blanche, as the pretty little blonde walked into her friend's boudoir one fine September morning, "I am in such a puzzle.

"What is the matter?" asked Kitty, serenely untying her bonnet strings.

"Why my brother is coming from India with his three little children next week, and he has written us to have a capable governess in attendance on his arrival, and we can't think of a soul to fill the place."

Write to Madame 88. Ernie," suggested Kitty.

"I have, and there happens to be nobody she can recommend just at present."

Kitty's eyes brightened suddenly, and a flush came to her cheeks.

"Blanche," she said softly, "do you think I should do?"

"You?"

"Yes—I have always wanted to do something to earn a little money, and you know Madame said I was one of her best pupils. I couldn't stay in the house, but I could come in the morning, you know."

"Oh, it would be splendid," cried Blanche, clasping her hands. "I know the little ones would love you, but—your grandfather?"

"Grandpapa and mamma must not know," said Kitty, resolutely. "Indeed, Blanche, I think I could teach them, and I would try my very best."

"George says he is willing to give a hundred a year to a competent governess," said Blanche, and——

"A hundred a year!" Kitty clasped her hands together delightedly. "Oh, Blanche! that would be a millionaire."

And the two young girls laughed and cried on one another's shoulders.

It was agreed that Mr. Clifton and his daughter-in-law were to be pacified with a story about Dante and flower painting, and reading Dante to a room full of bored friends, and that to all others the matter should be a secret as profound as the grave.

"It's like the heroine of a novel, exclaimed Blanche, delightedly.

"It's a great deal better, I am sure," said Kitty. "Only think how much good I can do at home on the sly, with a hundred a year. I can pay the servants what is their due, and supply grandpapa's wine cellar, and get mamma a new dress, and oh, ever so many things. It will be so nice."

Mr. Leslie, a tall, handsome man of two or three and thirty was a little surprised when his sister introduced him to the new governess.

And when Kitty had gone to get acquainted with the three chubby faced little Indian children, he had no time in expressing his feelings.

"Why, Blanche, she is a regular beauty."

"Of course she is," said Blanche, proudly. "We were at school together at Madame 88. Ernie's, not seven right," said George, who knew of the olden time state of the Cliftons.

"Don't be a goose, George," said his irreverent sister. "The children will love her dearly, and it will all be so nice. And remember, it's a great, great secret."

"Have your own way, then," said her brother laughing, "only you girls are the most unaccountable creatures I ever knew."

So, for three sunny months the governess plan went smoothly on. Kitty coming every day, and Mrs. Clifton congratulating herself that Kitty was keeping up her music and Italian with Blanche Leslie, and amusing herself so well.

"It would have been very stupid for her here at home," said the unconscious little matron, "and the Leslies are very good associates for Kitty."

But the smoothest stream is destined, sooner or later, to come to a stony angle, and Kitty's life was no exception to the ordinary rule.

Mrs. Minkerton, gossip in ordinary to the whole neighborhood, somehow sniffed out the fact that Kitty Clifton was teaching the little Leslies, and she called straight way on Kitty's mamma.

"A queer freak this of Miss Kitty's turning governess," she said, rubbing her lavender gloved hands together.

Mrs. Clifton opened wide her faded, blue eyes.

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Minkerton," she said, coldly.

"Dear me," cried the lady, "didn't you hear she was governess at the Leslies to those little Indian children, that Mr. George brought here last spring?"

And she fairly enjoyed the gentle wild eyed surprise, discomfiture and mortification.

"A sly puss that Kitty Clifton must be," she said to herself, as she sailed off in rustling satins and perfumed folds of Indian shawl, to spread the tidings miscellaneously elsewhere.

Kitty's eyes were swollen and humid with tears the next morning when she came, as usual, at ten o'clock.

Mr. George Leslie, who somehow of late had grown into the habit of superintending his children's daily lessons, looked at her with surprised dismay.

"Miss Clifton, you have been weeping."

"Because I must part with you all," said Kitty, bursting into fresh tears. "Mamma has found it out—found out—she says I cannot be the children's governess any longer, and I was so happy here."

"And you must not leave us," said Mr Leslie, rising and advancing toward her. "Kitty, I cannot spare you, nor can the children. If you cannot remain as governess, you must as my wife. Don't shrink or blush, Kitty; you cannot have been here, day after day, without beginning to suspect that I loved you."

And Miss Clifton had to own that she had vaguely suspected something of the kind.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Minkerton, "it is quite a romance in real life. So young Leslie, the widower is going to console himself with pretty Kitty Clifton, and this is the upshot of the governessing business. But all the same," she added, soothing her head inquisitively, "I don't like double dealing, and I dare say Miss Kitty foresaw the whole thing when she first took the idea of helping the family along in so very disinterested a manner."

But what cared golden haired Kitty Clifton for the venomous tongues of all the Mrs. Minkertons in creation?

She was happy and George Leslie was happy, and life bay before her one bright vista of sunshine.

Mrs. Minkerton might croak all she pleased.

IGNORANCE IN ITALY.—It appears that 50 per cent. of the marriages celebrated in 1876 in Italy were between people neither of whom could write their names. In some of the southern provinces the average is as high as 98 per cent. of the marriages; in Tuscany it is over 42 per cent; in Rome nearly 40 per cent.

AUBER, BEETHOVEN, BACH.

Auber, a French composer died in 1871, aged eighty nine. Some of his most popular operas are "Fra Diavolo," "Black Domino," "Crown Diamonds," etc. He composed a march for the opening of the World's Exhibition, at London, in 1862, and his musical label embellished with his life. The characteristics of his compositions are sprightliness and grace, with clearness and simplicity in dramatic effect.

Beethoven, a German composer, died in 1827. His musical compositions are almost innumerable; masses, sonatas, trios, symphonies, operas, etc. The sweet and touching strains of Fidelio, who can ever forget? But the strange, deep sorrow that shadowed his life, precluded his even hearing them himself, save in the mysterious orchestra of his own thoughts.

We may almost consider this as the name of the profound depth of sentiment, feeling and passion, which is the leading characteristic of his music. In a letter to a friend he paints his own suffering in these expressive words. "I can truly say that I pass a wretched existence. I shun society, for it is impossible for me to say to people, speak louder, for I am deaf. At times I determine to rise superior to it; but how can I proclaim the weakness of a sense which I ought to possess in a higher degree than others." For me there can be no recreation in social intercourse, no joining in a refined and intellectual conversation; no mutual outpourings of the heart with others. What humiliation when a companion hears a distant flute, but I hear nothing, or listens to the song of the herdsman, and I hear no sound. Such incidents have brought me to the verge of despair. A little more and I had put an end to my life. One thing only, *art*, has restrained me." And *art* was his companion, his friend, his love, and he knew no other, but died unmarried at the age of fifty seven.

Bach is a name very celebrated in the musical world. In no department of science or art has any one family achieved such distinction. For upwards of three fifty individuals whose lives extend over a period of two hundred and twenty five years. Johann Sebastian Bach was contemporaneous with Handel. He had ten sons, all fine musicians, and Mozart said of one of them, that for all his knowledge of music, he was indebted to him.

ANTIQUITY OF NURSERY RHYMES.—Many of these productions have a very curious history, if it could only be known. Some of them probably owe their origin to names distinguished in our literature, as Oliver Goldsmith, for instance, is believed in his earlier days to have written such compositions. Dr. E. F. Kimball gives us the following particulars as to well-known favorites:—Sing a Song of Sixpence," is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice," is found in a music book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse," was licensed in 1680. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice," dates from 1633. "London Bridge is Broken Down," is of unfathomed antiquity. "Boys and Girls come out to Play," is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II. "Lucy Locket lost her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written, and "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been" are of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner," is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket," is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to allude.

THE PARIS BON MARCHE.—The Bon Marche, one of the great ladies dress furnishing establishments in Paris, France, is probably the largest of its kind in the world. 1,800 persons are attached to it, 1,600 being men and 200 being women. Many of them live in the building, and everything seems to be provided for their comfort. There is a gymnasium where 100 out of the 1,600 men box and fence twice a week. There are a library a billiard room, a barber's shop, a school with a piano, a band of 120 and a chorus of 200, a physician on a year, a house physician, a hospital, and free evening lessons in English, German, vocal and instrumental music, with lectures on scientific, historical and literary subjects. Where are provided free by the proprietor M. Boucicaut. 2,500 letters are received daily and fifty persons accomplish the reading of them in two hours. Then, about 1,200 letters are sent in reply, and 2,000 packages are distributed daily in Paris alone. Sales to the extent of over $11,000,000 take place yearly, half of which comes out of American pockets.

INSECT LIFE.—Insects, generally, must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily—imagine a pair of long ear pearl, with pistils of silver, and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never rose from gum or censer. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for a night in the fold of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer air, and nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a clear dew drop, and to fall to and eat your bed clothes.

Re-opening a Thoroughfare.

In order to guard against wealth utterly unknown to the public, and to prevent fraud, we grant the assignee or attorney of the patent, the bonds, should be re-opened as speedily as possible, that they become impervious to the air, and that there is no interference into the blood, the free movement organs, check effects matter gets into the stomach, of producer indigestion, a consequent of the morning come only liable to suppression. The Hop Bitters is the great Medical Discovery of the age, a most useful agent in overcoming all diseases of the bowels, and promoting a regular habit of body. Hop Bitters is the purest and most healthful beverage ever used, and is a perfect cathartic frequently used for the purpose, does it does not, like them, act violently, but produces a natural, healthy action, by giving tone and vigor to the evacuatory organs, which is recognized instead of weakening. The stomach and nerve, the blood, the entire system, is invigorated and purified by Hop Bitters.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. The recipe will be sent free of charge to all who desire it, with full directions for preparing and using the same. Address, with stamp, naming this paper, Dr. W. F. Ball, No. 59 Courtland St., Baltimore, Md.

ROSES SENT FREE on application. BRIGGS & BROS. Rochester, N. Y. Vegetable and Flower Seeds by mail. Price list free. SEED LOW.

$1200 WANTED—Men to each State for the Departure Service and to inspect, collect. For particulars address, with stamp, AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SECRET SERVICE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, CLERKS CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT. PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXIONS SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief.
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN FROM WHATEVER CAUSE CEASE TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Cough, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflamation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Cramp, Spasms, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Toothalgia, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus or with Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.
32 Warren Street, New York.

DR. TURNER'S PANACEA.
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
AND CURES CANCEROUS HUMORS, SCROFULA, SYPHILIS, MERCURIAL DISEASES, SWELLINGS, ULCERS, AND BOILS, SALT RHEUM, TETTER, TUMORS, ETC. D. H. TURNER, 16 N. SIXTH ST. $1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

DR. TURNER'S
DYSPEPSIA, LIVER AND AGUE CURE.

Cures all cases of Dyspepsia, Liver and Ague diseases, and is recommended in the following symptoms: Heart Burn, Nausea, Loss of Appetite, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits. This medicine is Nature's Remedy. It stands the test of time, and has been used by the afflicted for a series of years. Sold by druggists at 50 cents per bottle, or six bottles for $2.50. Sent by express on receipt of price. Pamphlets sent free by registered letter or from druggists. Address

D. H. TURNER, 16 N. Sixth St., Phila.

R. DOLLARD,
519
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
Premier Artist
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, and HAIR TONIC PEDESTAL.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Toupees, and Scalps.

No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. Over forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From forehead over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear.
No. 5. Over forehead as far as back.
No. 6. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 7. Round the crown of the head.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair.

ALL WATCHES and JEWELRY Retailed at Manufacturers' Prices. You can save 50 per cent in ordering of us. Send for Price List and Circular. ROGERS & CO., 243 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGE RELA- Impediments and Infelicities explained in plain words. Advice How to Be Happy, Attorney, 12 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

REVOLVER FREE with your subscription to the Weekly Herald. Only $1.50 a year. Address HERALD, Pittsburgh, Pa.

15 CENTS FOR AN ELEGANT Sample Copy of the Weekly Graphic. Address GRAPHIC, 119 & 121 Nassau St., New York.

$100 A MONTH and Board and Travelling Expenses paid. Address, with stamp, HOWARD & CO., Boston, Mass.

YEARLY Contract

QUEER Name on 10c. and 2 3-cent stamps. 2 Gold and 2 Silver Chromo Cards, 25c. Agents Outfit, 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

WANTED SALESMEN

A GENTS Wanted to sell our MAPLEINE, SOLUBLE PERFUME, and other articles. Address, with stamp, M. HANNAN & CO., Peoria, Ill.

40 Elegant Visiting Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. and stamp. Agents Outfit, 10c. STAR CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

40 VERY BEST LATEST STYLE Visiting Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. and stamp. Agents Outfit, 10c. STAR CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the world. Agents wanted everywhere. Sample watch sent for examination. Address J. HOWARD & CO., 98 Nassau St., New York.

$2500 A YEAR. Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first class. Particulars free. J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

40 MIXED CARDS WITH NAME, in a Card Case, 10 cts. Do so. H. LEE & CO., Madison ville, Mass.

Y OU Can Make Money in Mixed Cards for 25 cts. Full Outfit for 25 cts. Do so. H. LEE & CO., Madisonville, Mass.

PIANOS Retail price $650. Cost $250. For Cash only. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

PENMANSHIP FACILITY BY MAIL. 10 PRACTICAL LESSONS. Circulars free. Specimen Writing, 10c. Bryant, Stratton & Sheldon, Conn. Send stamp for specimen and circular.

STAR COLLECTION OF GUITAR MUSIC. Words and Instructions, 25 Pieces of Beauty and Brilliancy, $1.00. Sent by mail. W. L. HAYDEN, 143 Tremont St., Boston.

40 Gilt Edge Cards, no two alike, with name, in case, 10c. and stamp. Agents Outfit, 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Ct.

50 BEST Mixed Cards, with name, in case, 10c. Agents Outfit, 10c. DOWD & CO., Bristol, Ct.

85 Fine Gilt Edge Assorted Cards, with name, 10c. Agents Outfit, 10c. FLETCHER, 11 Dey St., N. Y.

40 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10 cents. Agents Outfit, 10 cents. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

THE LATEST AND THE BEST
—FROM—
WANAMAKERS' GRAND DEPOT,
A NEW ERA IN REDUCED PRICES!

The Greatest of all Sales
—Ever known in Philadelphia,
—IN THE—
MIDWINTER SALE
Now Going on at the Grand Depot.

To form an idea of the way in which prices have been lowered,—and to judge of the kind of bargains now awaiting purchasers, and to see how much can be saved by buying at the GRAND DEPOT,—consider the following figures:

SILKS—Have been reduced from twenty five to thirty five per cent. Some Silks as low as 45 cents.

DRESS GOODS—Have been reduced nearly thirty per cent. The assortment comprises everything you can want.

LADIES' COATS—Have been reduced nearly one half. Elegant ones now from $6.50 to $15.

FURS—Have been reduced so as positively to clear out the winter stock. Seal muffs as low as $8, sable as low as $6.

SHOES—Correspondingly reduced. Our elegant stock is worthy of close examination.

MUSLINS—Are selling at cost. A full assortment of the best varieties.

EMBROIDERIES, LACES, RIBBONS, GLOVES, HOSIERY.

Selling at enormous sacrifices!

Save the cost of a ride to Philadelphia, and pay a visit to

GRAND DEPOT,
THIRTEENTH STREET,
JOHN WANAMAKER.

A GREAT OFFER!—WE WILL DURING THESE HARD TIMES, dispose of 50 NEW PIANOS and ORGANS, of first-class make and warranted for five years, at one-half the usual prices. Those wishing to get such instruments, or to let until paid for, than ever before offered, will write at once. Mention this paper. PIANOS & ORGANS are the BEST MADE, warranted for five years, Guaranteed equal to any Manufactured Instruments in the trade. A liberal discount to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, etc. PIANOS, 7 octave, rose, 3 unbroken sets, ORGANS, 2 sets reeds, 13 stops, only $65. Stool, Book and Cover, $5. If stops, $90; in perfect order, not used a year, cost $300. Stool, Book and Cover, $10. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 40 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

TESTIMONIALS.

The N. Y. Times says: "Waters' orchestrion (Time Organ) is a beautiful little instrument, combining the effects of the piano and reed-organ. The bells and the artistic effects of the drum are produced by pipes as ingeniously true."

The Musical Review says: "Among the very best. We are specially pleased to speak of those instruments manufactured by Horace Waters & Co., of New York."

The Evangelist says: "Among the many pianos of the merits of the Waters' Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of the very best quality of tone and touch."

Philadelphia Warerooms
C. J. HEPPE,
Corner of Sixth and Thompson Sts.

TO ADVERTISERS! We will send free to all applicants who apply at our office, or who inclose ten cents in stamps, a pamphlet containing lists of over 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing the cost of advertising. Many of the lists are carefully revised, and all are full and reliable. Every one who is about to advertise should send for this pamphlet. Address N. W. AYER & SON, ADVERTISING AGENTS, Times Building, Philadelphia.

AYER & SON'S MANUAL FOR ADVERTISERS, 176 pp. 8vo. More complete and reliable than any other work. Gives the history, circulation, and advertising rates of nearly three thousand newspapers in the United States and Canada. Also contains much information of value to an advertiser. Mailed to any address for 25 cents. Many of the lists have been carefully revised, and whose practicable value must have been reduced to a science. Its publication and universally acknowledged. Be sure to send 25 cents for it. Address N. W. AYER & SON, advertising. Address N. W. AYER & SON, ADVERTISING AGENTS, Times Building, Philadelphia.

KNOW THYSELF A new Medical Treasure, or SELF-PRESERVATION, 300 pages, 125 prescriptions, all about Manhood, Nervousness, Debility, Premature Decline, Errors, Abuses, Impediments to Marriage, Diseases, Quacks, Impostors, &c. Sent to man. Price only $1.00, by mail, postpaid. Illustrative sample free if stamp is sent. The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, is the best book published on Physiology, Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene, Medicine, Surgery, Diseases

THE HOSPITAL PARTING.

BY A. C. S.

Faith and courage live in vain!
Hope is strong as it is crossed.
Patience conquers long denial.
Love still lives when it has lost.
Ever the steadfast soul—defiant
Of the adverse might of things—
Rises up supreme, reliant
'Neath its inborn wings.

Not to fortune nor to season
Doth it tie to bring destiny.
When the heart enthralled by reason
Out of night conquers day.
Not a parting though in sorrow,
Not a threatening of the pain,
Shall prevent the long, glad morrow
Love and Faith must again.

With strong prayers that take fruition
Lingers these for fearless bride.
Though the distance and constant listen
Of the storm-bell heighten by tide.
Till she greet beyond the grave
Of the ocean like a wave,
And her heart has found the story
Of all he will do and dare.

Actions winds that home her trainer,
And tight-reefed flock of foam,
Steer but stand-by summer,
Better from his far-lasting home
Than not and to fold-by.
Turns for Time hath taught to prize,
For the hand that has held to fetters,
Save for honor, her and love!

PHANTOMS.

OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY J. STANLEY SPEAT.

IV.

It was but too true that the door was fastened from the outside. The terror of the women upon hearing this announcement gave way almost immediately to a species of despair. Strange to say they made no reply to the startling speech of Henry, but sat still, with clasped hands and dejected countenances. Then Henry, after wrestling with the knob in a desperate endeavor to force the door, rushed to wards them, and cried

"The door is fast! But, by Heaven we will solve this riddle! Come, girls, come! The back sitting room door is open and thence we can reach the back stair way! Come on!"

Miranda made no reply. She merely nodded a faint assent, and, followed mechanically, her arm linked in that of Esther.

Henry caught up the now nearly expiring taper and led the way.

"Have we a lamp or candle up here?" he asked.

"No," answered Miranda, "but there is one at the foot of the back stairs, I think."

They entered the other sitting room and after a few seconds paused in examining the state of affairs there, and finding nothing disturbed in the least they beat their steps toward the entrance.

Passing down stairs they came into a costly furnished dining room, where a faint fire was still flickering in the grate. The long dining table was still covered with chaotic remnants of the night's feast and the tall silver epergne in the centre of the table, still supported the fragrant bouquet of conservatory roses that had graced it only a few hours before.

Nothing seemed to have been disturbed here.

The first thing Henry did upon entering this room was to touch the nearly extinguished taper with the candle to the wicked a slender wax candle that stood on the table, and the genial radiance now revived their spirits like a spring sunbeam.

"This is the way, this is the way!" cried Miranda, eagerly, as she made a move toward the doorway, and caught hold of the knob.

"This is the way to freedom!"

But an instant afterwards she added in a lower tone, and with a strange calmness of manner

"It seems this door is also locked, we are bolstered!"

"By the devine himself!" cried Henry, with a muttered growl that sounded like an oath.

"Hush!" said Miranda, "surely this door was wide open when we came down to look for you and Louis!"

Esther, who had hitherto been so silent and sad, so utterly unnerved and hopeless, now said

"I will find Louis or die! I must find him—thieves or ghosts cannot stop me!"

"We have plenty to do," said Henry. "Find Louis, find what locked the door, find why they are locked, find why that doesn't answer, find the demon knows what! A nice job!"

"There is no way to get to the other part of the house!" queried Miranda.

"I have it," said Henry, after a moment's reflection.

"I have it! Eureka! Run through the card and come in by the back door, which was left unlocked when I dashed in out of the cold. Hey! How's that for an idea?"

"Splendid!" cried Miranda.

Henry continued

"You see I can go out through the kitchen there, and in the twinkling of an eye I'll be around in the hall way and have this door open before you have time to cry, 'Oh!' gives evidence

"But what if the hall door is bolted?" interrogated Esther. "Did we not bolt it after you came in? I'm sure we did."

"Nonsense," answered Henry. "You pretended to bolt it, but you were so frightened that it was only a pretense."

I hope so," returned Esther, "but what if the key is not in the back of this door when you get around on the other side?"

"More obstacles suggested," said Henry, laughing. "What next?"

"The key must be there!"

"That's a conundrum," said Henry. But if that's the case all the keys may not be out, and we can get up stairs if we like, I'm sure, and then if the worst comes to the worst we can force the door. I'll try it anyhow! Come, let's in to the kitchen!"

The candle now took the place of the extinguished taper and Henry carried it with him into the kitchen.

All of a sudden Esther gave a scream.

"What in the name of the flood himself is the matter?" shouted Henry.

"Look, look!" cried Esther, holding up something which she had picked from the floor, and which she regarded with a pale, terror stricken countenance.

"Well, what of it?" One of my slippers!" Henry returned.

"No, no! One of Louis slippers!" she said, with a convulsive effort to suppress her emotion. "God! what has become of him? He must be near here! He must be!"

"I tell you it's my slipper!" said Henry, snappishly.

"No, Henry," answered Miranda, "it belongs to Louis by right of possession. You remember he put on your slippers when he came in!"

"So, so!" cried Henry, now thoroughly stunned. "How the deuce did that come here?"

"It is certainly a trace!" said Miranda, "and the fact is this maze becomes deeper and deeper. Such a grotesque running up and down stairs I hope never to see again. Louis has certainly been here, and may even now be here."

"Louis, Louis!" shouted Esther at the top of her voice.

No answer.

"See the cellar door is open!" said Henry.

"Yes, of course," replied Esther, "didn't we have it open when we hurried up to rescue you?" said Miranda.

"I thought we had closed it!" added Esther. "Oh, angels of Heaven have pity on us all! Fancy, poor dear Louis with all his nervous fibres and superstitions in the toast of some strange, monstrous influence that holds demoniac sway even now over all of us! Oh, help him!"

"Less talk, more work!" said Henry, nervously, as he began lugging at the bolt of the kitchen door leading into the yard.

"You girls go back into the dining room and stay there till I open the door for you. I'll not be a second!"

"Oh, Henry! if you love us plead—please do not leave those above any longer than you can help!" cried Miranda, seizing his arm.

"Pah! pah! I won't be an instant. Let me go!"

But one word Henry dear Henry—" she pleaded, still holding to his arm, and looking into his eyes with a love glance.

Remember you are going out into the unknown. Remember you are unarmed. Remember you know not what traps and pitfalls are in your way in the deep dark! Be wonder. Reflect! Do not go. We will stay here till morning and defy these weird circumstances. Come, think. You are going out into the cold and once into the fury of the storm. Do not venture, stay with us!"

She was pleading with actual earnestness, and her love for this brave man had roused a desperate sense of purpose in her heart to save him. He was nearer to her soul than ever.

His sister Esther was so indifferent so strangely indifferent to the sacrifice of himself in strange places, that for the moment she wondered why she loved Louis better than she loved him, and thought it one of the deepest mysteries of this mysterious night—a mystery for only a woman who saw nothing of superstition in his nurturing to find her beloved one, and who would have bitterly reproached him had he not endured.

"Come," said Henry, "be not alarmed. As I say, I shall only dive around the corner and have you out in a jiffy. Then we'll see our way clear to put things to rights, for I'm hanged if we shan't soon be out, girls, to get rid of this worry, and I could even now tumble fast asleep with dead weariness. Good bye."

"Stay," exclaimed Miranda. "We will go with you."

"Never!" cried Henry, pausing in the act of opening the kitchen door. "Never! Why do you think of such a thing? You have got into the cause and cold when all you have to do is to remain here and quiet and wait until I run round and open the dining room door. Then you can escape. If I cannot get the hall door open I'll come back. If I can I'll leave that dining room door open. I tell you there must be quiet—don't be alarmed. Sit down there near the range and remain in good spirits till you hear me call in the hall way, but as for following me, no, touch!"

Saying this Henry opened the door and darted from them like a flash, and disappeared around the angle of the house.

At Henry's departure he found the yard door of the hall unfastened, and in a moment more was groping his way, as fast as he was able through the deep gloom of the Hall, towards the sitting room.

Then he hesitated a moment and listened. Everything was quiet. He made a step forward and listened again. All was silent. Then he felt his way up to the dining room door, and fumbled about the panels for the knob, and having found it, began feeling for the key, which ought to have been in the lock.

The key was gone!

Then Henry called out "My girls, it's just as you said! The key's gone! See Louis! Louis! Miranda!"

There was no reply.

He knocked on the door vigorously and whistled and shouted, but no sign of life or otherwise from within.

He was amazed, dumbfounded, half crazed.

He did not know what to think.

He reproached himself for leaving the women alone.

"They have perhaps followed me! No, no!" he thought to himself, "they have gone upstairs again. What's that? Shriek! Oh, my God! what has happened?"

He applied all his powerful strength to the door.

He dashed himself against it, and his heavy weight came upon the panels with a shivering force.

Then he had an idea of retracing his steps and going back by the way he came, to see what was the matter. Then he thought he heard a footstep.

He was very nervous.

Again he hurled himself against the weakening door like a madman, he was so utterly anguished.

He shouted again to the girls, but there was no answer.

He wrestled with the knob, and kicked against the panels. He felt that the door was yielding. He was frenzied. He ran off a few yards, and came with a terrible bound upon the trembling door.

It was giving way.

Crash! Easie!" he screamed with a voice dissonant through terror. "Miranda! Miranda!" Miranda!"

And with all his might he made one more dash at the shivering panel and with a crash the frame work gave way, and the light of the candle streamed out into the passage way.

Then Henry started back stunned at the sight of a figure in that room that came on him so suddenly and of such weird appearance, as to freeze the blood in his veins and send a cold thrill through him like a touch of electricity.

But the apparition vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

Then again he heard a fast fall in the entry.

"Who's there?" he cried.

Answered—trembling—half mad, he started like a mare in a delirium through the break in the door, he grasped—he moaned

"Who's there?"

He did not dare to turn his eyes into the gloom of the hall way.

And at the same instant he felt a strong hand laid on his shoulder from behind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—A Local Combination.—Stair.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The fashions introduced for each season vary but little, each week and month for their novelties melt among the cherishing fashions which Fashion designs for the pretty accessories of our dress, to which it has been a votary for ages.

At this late season when we are all pretty pleased and full of contentment as to what will be the coming fashion, it would not be amiss to mention some of the kinds which are dropped here and there by some of the ruminants which Fashion has flitting about, and by which all pretty good taste is set at defiance, there is every promise of some very interesting coming events in the changes of dress, to meet with the change of season.

For plain materials for street and home wear, fancy wool materials will continue to favor, silk being used for the underskirt and waist only, and for making the short costumes is gaining on the favor with some, without doubt, for a decided feature during the coming season. Embroideries is still in use, and beautifully peculiar, Turkish, Chinese and Indian designs are used, but still, full scope is given to one's taste and ingenuity, so that every design is in favor when embroidery is used, even on the dress, it appears on the trimmings, and no full dresses there are but be of white crepe lisse exquisitely embroidered in silk, in the most delicate and exquisite of colors, pink, white and blue are all used, and are to wear well and be fine. Dress will be $8 and $10 a yard.

As a decoration of the outermost portions of underdress, the monsters already show themselves work in cardinal flue, the suitable for trimming white muslin or red flannel petticoats, and the combination of the two colors may show the same combination of colors and the rough cotton which appears so hard to the tender cheek, the plain woolen fabrics will be used for the underskirt, and for which purpose the cotton fabrics are produced, forming an irregular ribbed design.

Plaid silks all be worn, and stripes will have stripes in various colors, such as red gold, brown green, and pale blue on a plain ground. In cheap materials, which appear to be the most popular, the plaid and stripe are the same pretty effect of the richer and more expensive materials imitated, the gingham, percales all show the fashion popularity for combining the two materials, and the striped, plaid cotton, organdies retain the exquisite designs of flowers on a pale tint for trimming the figured percales and gingham, while material will come chiefly in the undershirt and general foundation of the dress.

With these few hints it is evident that color will perform the same important part to Fashion's ever changing designs as it has in the artistic combination of the lovely colors which came for spring and summer use. But as we must still content ourselves with the materials and designs suitable for the present season, we will resume the discussion of what is worn now. As I have had many queries about pretty morning dresses, I suppose I think the following will prove desirable models.

The materials for one is a fancy striped woolen fabric in drab and brown, with dots of cardinal and gold. The stripe is a plain princess with a plaiting of drab and brown silk extending from the neck to the front of the skirt, and finished with a double thread silk and around the neck. The bottom of the dress is finished at intervals of about three inches high, and a plaiting of silk is hurried in the opening, the pieces are of silk with cuffs of the striped material. Buttons of the any color in the front are employed to fasten the dress and the cuffs.

Another model having a more dressy effect is of pale blue cashmere, trimmed with white lace, and made in the princess shape. The bottom of the skirt is finished with a plaiting, with a row of Fashion insertion headed by a band of blue silk, a row of insertion and a band of silk, to simulate a Louis XV jacket in front, and terminating at the side with large bows of blue silk or ribbon, nine buttons down the front.

Another model very suitable for home wear, is of a pearl-colored cashmere with silk of the same shade and a light blue silk. The dress is cut in the princess shape with a plaiting of silk around the bottom, and a row of elaborate folds of the cashmere and pearl silk, the cashmere, fronts each side, being cut out in points, piped with blue and a pearl silk plaiting underneath, a second row of points and a plaiting. The basque is cut in points piped with blue with a pearl silk plaiting underneath, the points and plaiting extend up the sides to meet a pocket piece of the cashmere and blue silk, and also on the other. The sleeves are trimmed with a pearl silk cuff cut in points and piped with blue, and a plaiting of pearl silk underneath.

Feathers are more popular than ever on hats and bonnets, as a matter of course, the fact that they are so becoming to the face is sufficient to call for the Knowles headdress. In connection with these feathers that have been dipped in silver and gold bullion marabouts are in great favor, particularly with the fair ones who have golden hair. Lace shawls allotted to the monster plaid that are seen on bonnets trimmed with lace. The most beautiful specimens of lace are now worn for bonnets, and are not confined to any set to suited the Knowles headdress. In connection with these bonnets are worn fine handkerchiefs of lace, and ball heads are shaded. Fur bonnets are also are used for bonnets pale tortoise shell and dead gold are more becoming.

A bit from the fancy work day and are playing out of fashion, but they will not be neglected for they were never pretty tapers as it does to match the dress and ribbon of the wearer, and the new shades of silk are more popular. A celebrated modiste is making capotes crocheted formed of a quantity of narrow black lace, which are worn over a white satin foundation. The Princess of Wales affects, composed of three feathers. Each cigarette are worn together, and are finished with gold tassels. Double tassel satin ribbons are now in vogue for making up bows that are worn at the back of the hair. The ribbons are about six inch wide, and have three colors are combined together. Fair pink is combined with garnet, olive brown with pale blue, and the same with cardinal and gold shade. The new Watteau bows for the hair consist of six stiff narrow loops strapped tightly in the centre, showing the most combinative the hair commences under the arms.

We will now move the subject of dress and devote the rest of our time to the discussion of the various matters which belong to

Our Fireside Chat.

Fancy work will again take the precedence before our circle, as I find that the majority of my readers show a decided preference for this subject, so I will begin with the answer to Jessie's query directly.

Fancy Screens.—I saw a pasting screen prettily arranged a short time ago. The background was of pale blue paper, and the scraps were put on in diamond pattern alternate, having a diamond of tinsel paper between each group. An outline of gold paper and ball an inch wide, around each. The frame was of black, upholstered wood with a narrow band of gold inside. Black cretonne was used for the ruffle, which the front of the same was also serape. The scraps were of all sorts, over matter found in. Their size was from two inches square to four by six, and the scraps put on in three rows of diagonals, fitting close together, and of any length. Between each panel of the diamond was a row of gold paper, and the whole was finished with a gold cord, put on with gum, and tacked on the gold band around the diamond must be put sketched with a pencil before the scraps are put on.

Paper Cushions.—Aunt Jessie, I refer to vintage Fancy Work, page 1, for a model for a cushion your correspondent desires. Instead of one cut out from cotton and a half longer to be used for the back, I would use a full stuffing and two out of the centre of both, and a circle of ruffling between the two. Ingenious would the same lace trimming be used for the front and outer cover, as for one small cushion, through which to run the ribbon for tying. The back would need nothing and nothing need. I find it a good plan to make a pattern of the whole foundation must be covered with pale pink, and the outer cover of white, and then with sparrow cotton the same lace slightly ruffled and put on as at first, and then with a needle and cotton run the lace through the centre of the cushion, and then with ribbons in several feet on at intervals.

Fancy Knitted Work.—I have just made a very pretty watch pocket, a "cotton garden hose" which I have in the house, and which I have found very useful for holding my watch at night. The cuffs are only two rows a pale. I worked a scarlet and white diamond pattern with a bit green bead-like around the outside, and used a small bag of blue silk which I gathered on a piece of cord, and tied in the end. Above this I used a quilting of white and scarlet, and then a row of the bead-like ornament, and finished it with a fringe of blue silk. The cuffs are very pretty worked in gay material figures in which one can use up odds and ends of worsted and silk. Old Subscriber.

Wool.—Rag Knitting.—I tried the home dyeing process, but found it very troublesome. Anxious.

Knitting on stitches with white Berlin wool on thick wooden pins will be found very useful for wristlets. Shetland wool, knit 2 over, 2 under, is very pretty for this purpose. Any quantity required. Aunt Bertha at the end of the year will give you a pattern of each end, and with the two balls.

Patty Cannon.—In answer to inquiry for embroidered pincushion, I think your correspondent would please your correspondent. I used a dark blue cloth, but any color would do. I selected two pretty Chinese figures, one holding Turkish and Chinese figures of men and women and ladies playing on instruments, figures matching the colors, as as I could find them. I then worked them in outline with crewel wool, and filled in the dresses with diaper work. Then I worked the faces, etc., in satin stitch, and filled in the figures with gold thread. Then I worked the figures on the cushion, and then I worked the figures on the cushion, and then I worked the figures on the cushion, and